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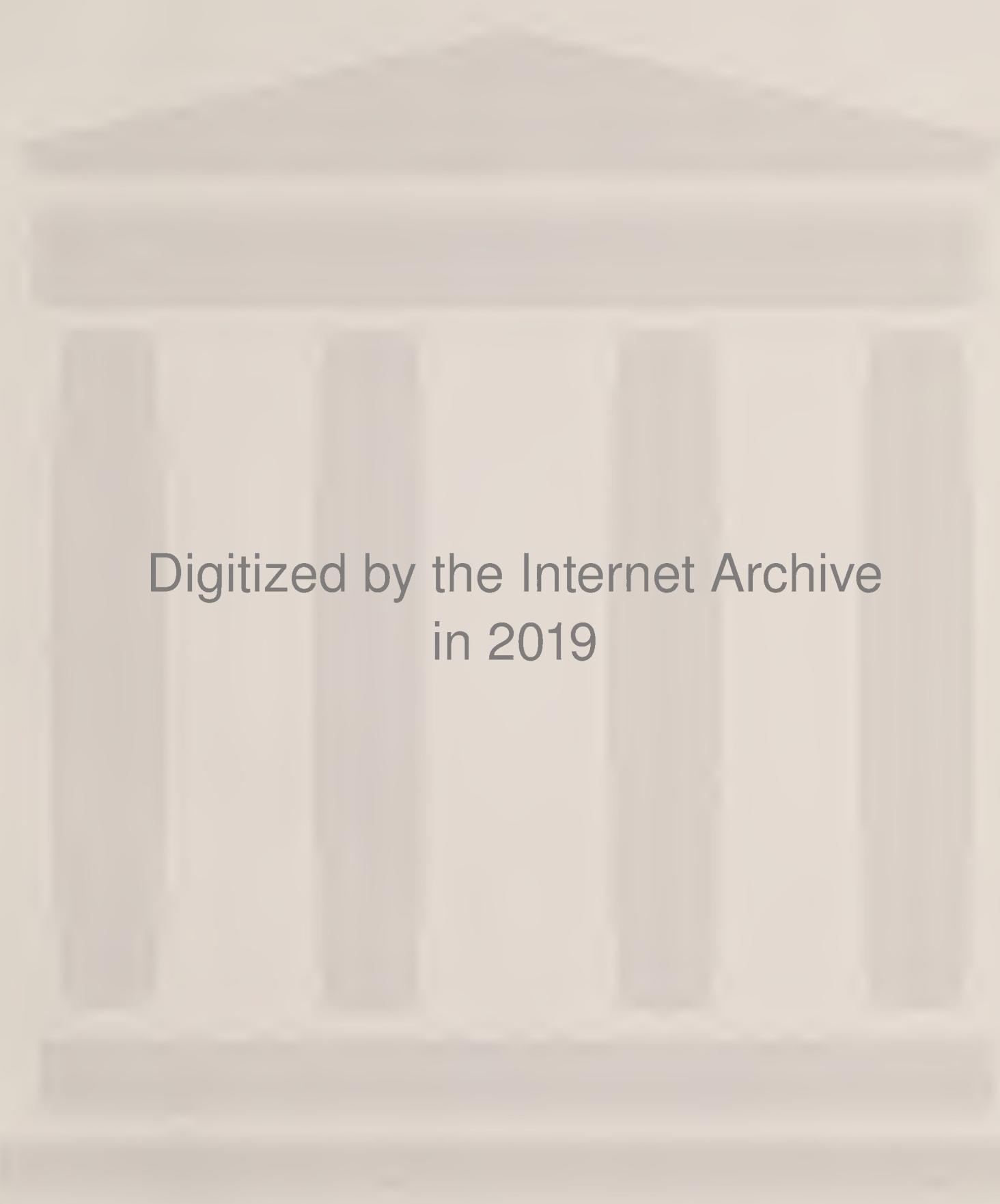
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THE LATER ROLLEYS

HINMAN

1794-1855

ALDRICK

1813-1850

AND COLLEGATE LIVES

Written by

FREDERICK C. WARD



1686847

DIED.

ROWLEY.—At Benton Harbor, Mich., Thursday, June 10, 1880, Aaron Drew Rowley, aged 54 years, 11 months.

Mr. Rowley was born at Shelburne, Vt., July 11, 1825. In 1844 he left home to seek his fortune in the young and growing city of Chicago, was married in 1849 to Caroline B. Nell of that place. In 1863 he purchased a fruit farm at Heath's Corners, where he has since lived, working part of the time at his trade of painter. He has always taken an active part in public enterprises, and especially in school matters, having spared no pains to secure for his children a good education and to maintain a good public school in his locality. As a neighbor he was kind and generous to a fault and in the care of sick but few equals. His health began to fail some four years ago, but he kept up until about the first of May, since which time he has had his bed and failed rapidly. He leaves a wife and seven children, the two older ones being married.

met—the regular army
right as major general at U.
S. Adj't. Gen'l. Rawlins was Secretary
of War a few months of Grant's pres-
idency, during Sep., 1863.
Major William R. Bracken had been
in the Civil War as 10th Illinois Cavalry
and in the 13th Illinois Infantry
units, and was promoted to General Staff
officer as a colonel. He became Adj't. Gen'l.
and succeeded Mr. Parker, but was
removed Aug. 10, 1864. He received
the a present as brigadier general at the
close of the war.
Maj'r S. Parker, a construction en-
gineer, was a full-blooded Seneca



SARAH, daug.
(1720-1763)
tis. born 17
1813

Eraetus Rowley
Born 1734. m
of 1812. ob.
Dec. 5th 1854

Machline Hunt
who ux. (2)
Jan. 6, 1848 to
Albert Rowlinson

Jones Rowley
Ob.inf. Feb.
16, 1795 age
2 years....

Heman Rowley
B. Oct. 24, 1817
Ob.inf. se. 5
wks. Nov. 25,
1817.....

• Seymour

LATHAN ROWLEY

• MICHL, daug.
E. Shelburne,
Vt., 1764. ob

Chicago, Jan
25, 1855

Aaron Drew Rowley
B. July 11, 1815.
St. Joseph,
June 10, 1860

Elizabeth

Ob.inf

1815.

months..

•

Nellie Cerol
Grace Ameli
Rowley Rowley

John George

Rowley

Albert Fisher

Born April 18

36, 1836

• Lathan Rowley

Ob.inf.

1816 -

1877

1850

• Nathan

Stadler

Ob.inf.

1816 -

1850

• John Henry

Rowley

Ob.inf.

1816 -

1850

Libbie Lorene
Born Oct. 7,
inf. April 25

• Lathan

Brewster

Ob.chicago

Rowley

Ob.inf.

1816 -

1877

1850

• Libbie

Rowley

Ob.inf.

1816 -

1850

Helen

James Josephine
Brewster Brewster
Ob.sp. Ob.sp.

Claud Brewster

Captain, Civil

Eng. married, ob

1816 -

Olive Chapin

• Helen Adeline Cornelia Rowley
Ob.inf. B. May 21 Illinois Oct. 6
1840. Ob.Oct. 4, 1931 at
Oak Park, Ill. USA Sept. 5, 1900
1842. M.W. to George William
Blason Corbin, B.Gov. of
Mass. 1866 at Chelmsford, Eng.
Land. Ob. Oak Park, Nov. 20
1900.



SARAH, daug. of Abel HALEY
(1720-1781) and Bethia Cur-
tis. Born 1754. Ob. Jan 21,
1815

AARON ROWLEY, son of Nancy, daughter of
Aaron Rowley and Mary. Sturgis Morehouse who
Born Richmond, Mass., ob. Mar. 11, 1813, ae. 36
1764. Ob. Shelburn,
Vt. Feb. 27th 1827...

Erastus Rowley = Mary Annable
Born 1784. MAR Born 1790. Ux
of 1812. Ob. Aug. 20, 1813
Dec. 5th 1856. Ob. 1878....

Aaron Rowley = Mercy, daug. of Peter
Born Oct. 28 Brew. B. Feb. 6, 1796. Nancy
1759. (birth Ux. Feb. 8, 1815. Ob. Nov
Record gives 50, 1839. Aaron ux. (2)
1764-8) Fanny Ransom, born
March 3rd 1795.....

Heman Rowley = Mary Rowley
B. Oct. 24, 1817 B. Dec. 7, 1818
Ob. inf. se. 5 Ux. Oct. 6, 1836
wks. Nov. 25, Daniel Barnes
1817.....

Peter Richmond Erwin Safford = Mary Singleton
Rowley, B. June Rowley. Born Ux. Feb. 1851.
17, 1827. Lived Apr. 28, 1823
Burlington....

Henry N. Rowley Frederick E. Jessie Nash
Ux. Alice Palmer Rowley.

James Rowley Leon Rowley

Aaron Drew Rowley = Catherine Arnell
B. July 11, 1825. Ob. Born Aug. 6, 1825
St. Joseph, Mich. Ux. Chicago, Oct
June 10, 1840... 30, 1821 aged
10, 1849. 2 weeks.....

Nellie Caroline Warren J. William Alonzo Jessie Thomas Hattie
Grace Amelia Rowley Kennie Allen Mercy Laward Bell
Rowley Rowley Rowley Rowley Rowley

Albert Fisher Rowley = Mary Eliz. Force
Born April 12, 1858. of Benton Harbor
Mich. Ux. Nov. 7
1888.

Libbie Lorene Rowley Teadie May Rowley
Born Oct. 7, 1891. Ob. Born Sept. 14, 1889
inf. April 25, 1896.

Helen Rowley = Henry Chapin

Lucy L. Rowley = Richard, son of Marcus
B. Chicago 1840. Ux. 1864
Ob. 1889, Raymond, Wash....

Olive Chapin Eva Chapin = James
McGraw

Helen F. Versema George, son of Lorenzo
B. Chicago 1888. and Katherine (Hinch)
Ux. 1887. Ob. Mrs. Guthier. Born Chicago,
Robles, Cal. 1927 1888.

Cora J. Guthier Thomas H. Dahn
B. Chicago 1888. B. McGregor, Iowa
Ux. 1920. 5 ch. 1887. Lieut. World
War I.....

AARON ROWLEY, son of Nancy, daughter of
Aaron Rowley and Mary. Sturgis Morehouse who
Born Richmond, Mass., ob. Mar. 11, 1813, ae. 36
1764. Ob. Shelburn,
Vt. Feb. 27th 1827...

Flinty Rowley Alouzo Marshall Rowley = Philene Hunt
Rowley Ux. Oct. 20, 1823 who ux. (2)
Jan. 6, 1848 to 16, 1795 age
Albert Rowlinson 2 years....

Sally Maria Rowley Sophia Rowley Jon
Ob. inf. Mar. 8, 1826 Ux. Wm. Taylor
aged 8 months.... 1855

Sally Rowley = m. Seymour HMAN ROWLEY = RACHEL, daug.
B. 1769. Ob. B. Shelburn,
1875 aged 84 Vt., 1794. Ob
Ux. March 13 Chicago, Jan
1809 25, 1855 ...

William Nancy Elizabeth Sally Elizabeth
Seymour Seymour Seymour. Ob. inf
July 18, 1815, aged 9 months..

Bishop Rowley Lester Rowley Pauline Rowley = Jeren Rowley = Henry
Mysteriously ob. inf. 1836, Rowley. Rowley Kline Rowley = Judson
unaccounted for. aged 8 years.

William Frederick Lucy Jacob Charles George
Rowley Rowley Rowley Rowley Rowley Rowley
ux.... ob. aged 36, 1836

Wathan Judson Wathan Judson
Judson - Judson

Christina Victoria
Judson - Judson

James Rowley = Delia Chapin
Aldrick Alice = George
Rowley Rowley Stringham

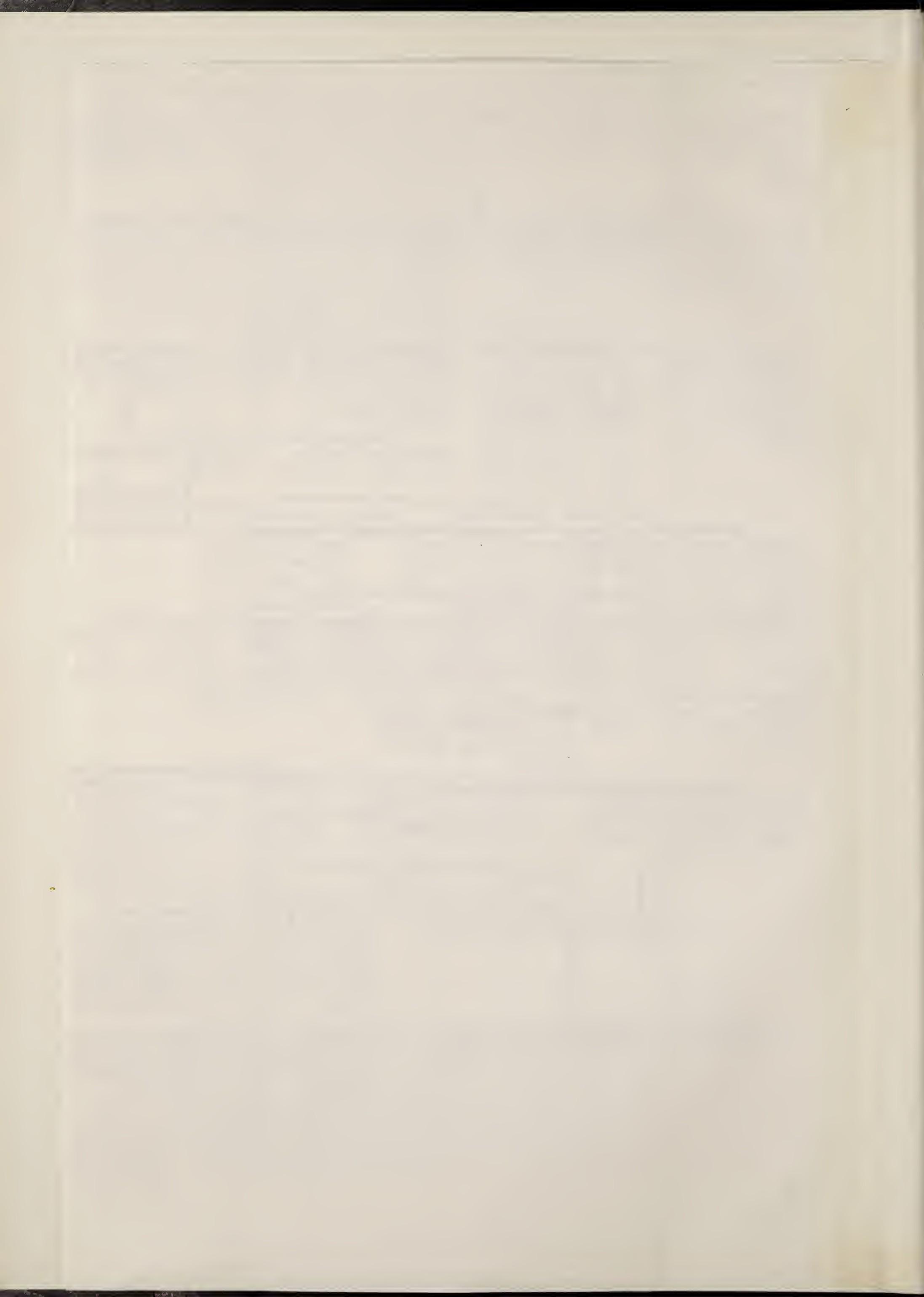
May Blanch Katherine
Stringham Stringham Stringham

Thomas Josephine
Brewster Brewster ob. sp.

Edward Brewster
Captain, Civil
war. married, ob
sp.

Martina Delaine Rowley Marietta Jane Rowley
B. Leyden, Ill. Dec. 18, 1837. Ob. Jan. 1913. Ob
1845. Ob. sp. 1850. (1) Clark Rice Burns -
1903. Ob. Samuel Thom- as Neales B. 1838.
Civil War - & (2) William Henry Torswick B.
1846. Ob. Califor- ne, 1870
Oct. 28, 1848 Ob. Califor- nia, 1926.

Adeline Cornelia Rowley
B. Leyden Illinois Oct 8
1840. Ob. Oct. 4, 1931 at
Oak Park, Ill. Ux. Sept. 20
1873 to George William
Bison Carbett, B. Nov. 24
1843 at Shropshire, Eng-
land. Ob. Oak Park, Nov. 20
1922.



HUMAN ROYLE: 1794-1855

SON OF AARON AND SARAH (PALEY) ROYLE

Heman, son of Aaron and Sarah Royley, was born at Shelburn, Vermont in 1794. His marriage at the age of sixteen to Rachel, daughter of Israel Burritt on February 17th 1810 would not be considered unusually precocious for that period.

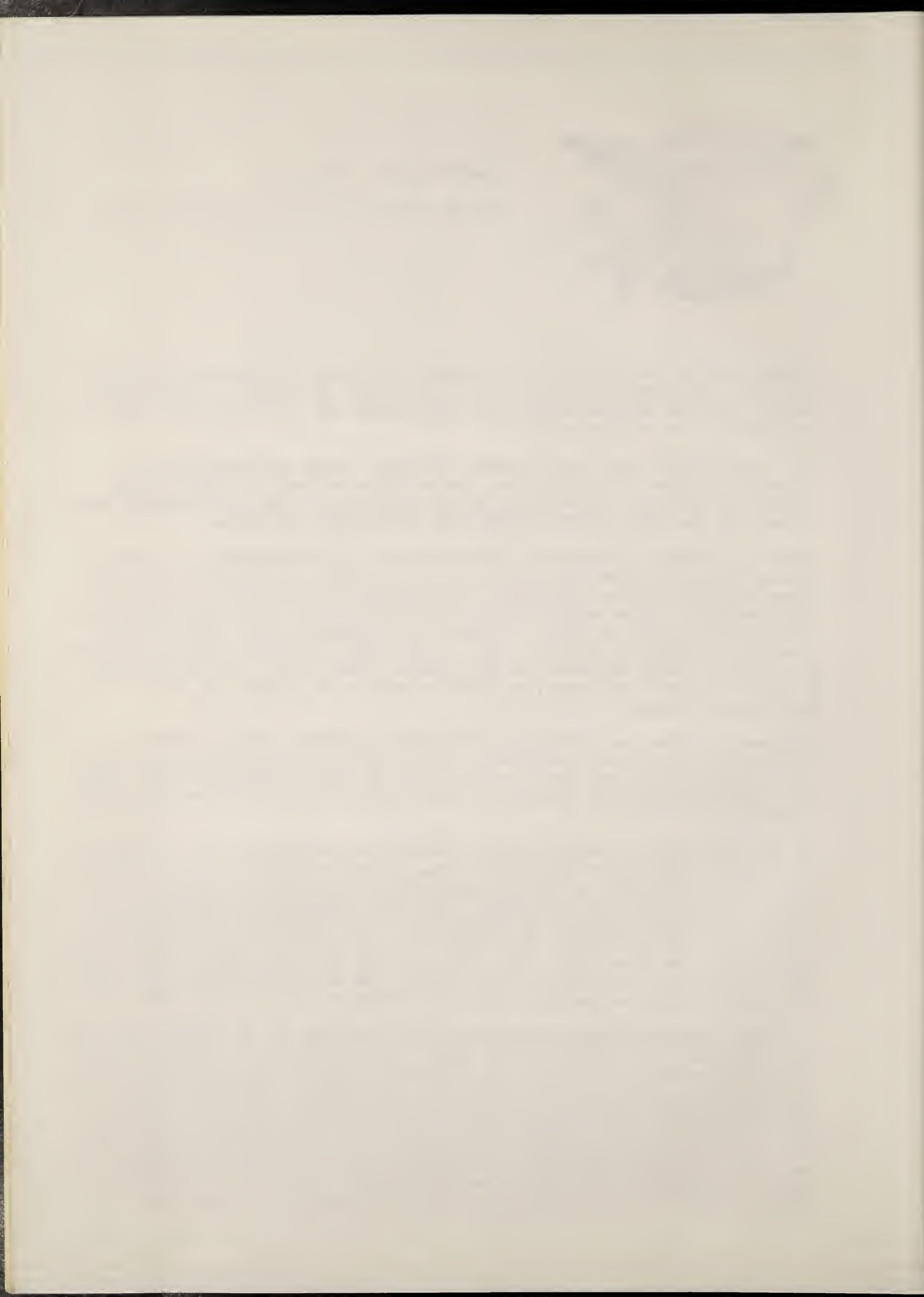
Two years later with his brother Erastus, Heman enlisted in the Vermont militia as a musician. There is no record of them having served in action, although it is probable that they accompanied their father at the time of the battle of Plattsburg in 1813.

There is little to indicate Heman's life as a Vermonter. It seems likely that he began his career as a carpenter. Over the first hill from Shelburn on the turnpike to Burlington there still stands an old red brick house which Heman helped to build. The woodwork around the fireplace, the deepset windows, the chimney cupboards and the grooved moldings he carved with a pen-knife, perhaps also he planted the locust trees in front of the house which, after the passage of a hundred years, are huge, gnarled giants with ridges in their bark four inches deep.

Of Heman's other activities or his early married life, nothing is known. It is evident from later developments that Heman and his wife held widely different views on certain of life's fundamentals, and the post-war years of prosperity faded into difficult economic uncertainties.

By the year 1828 liberty and the pursuit of happiness were somehow not progressing under industrialism. If wealth was rapidly accumulating, it was yet more rapidly concentrating. Economic Democracy was fast breaking down in the North, and the comparative simplicity of an earlier day was passing. We know that the Jacksonian movement was a revolt against just this situation. His election had been a victory not merely for a section, but for a class: and the common man, watching the rise of the privileged classes and the increasing difficulties of reaping profits from his toil had found a leader of his own sort.

To those who were being worsted in the struggle in the East there was the forested wilderness of the West. Two centuries of almost yearly conquests over the Indians had implanted in the American mind the feeling that nothing could block the way. Slowly civilization had cut its way through from the Atlantic to the Pacific, past the open plains and prairies, the desert and the mountains, and emerged into the daylight on the Pacific coast. There was Vandalia, Indiana, Illinois, Detroit, Columbus and Fort St. Joseph. In 1827 Fort Leavenworth had been established. The first covered wagon reached the Rockies in 1850. In the West, the rosiest dreams of the ordinary man might turn to



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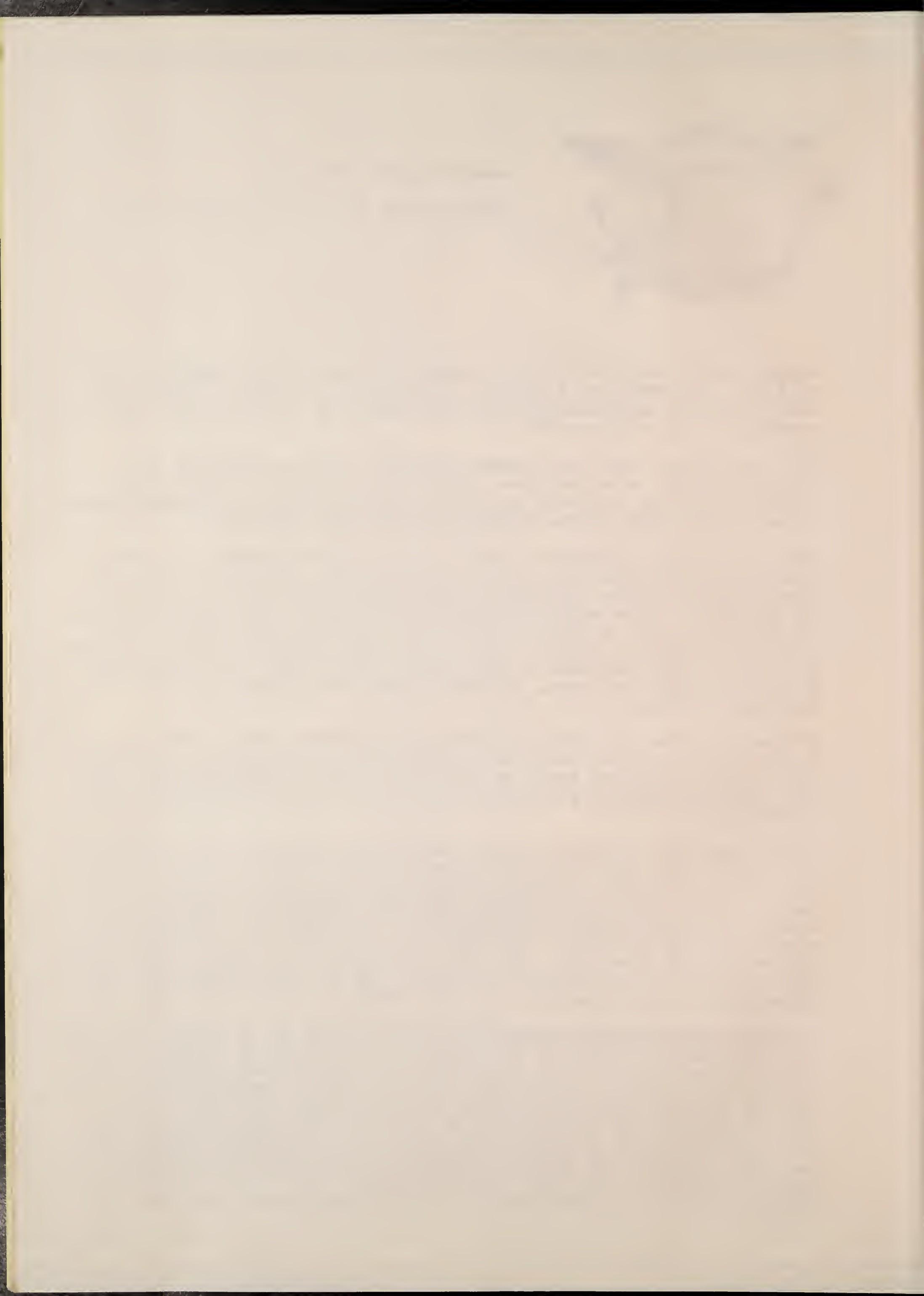
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truth if his luck was right.

Let us presume that in the year 1828 Heman Rowley, disengaged with life in Vermont, had decided to try his luck in the Illinois. What could he have known of the problems that faced him - the physical nature of the new state - admitted to the Union only ten years previous? It is improbable that he talked the matter over with anyone who had lived in Illinois. True, there were over 50,000 people who lived in the state, but they were in the southern parts along the river. Had they returned east, it would be by way of the Atlantic to New York or Boston, far from the remote, inland village of Shelburn.

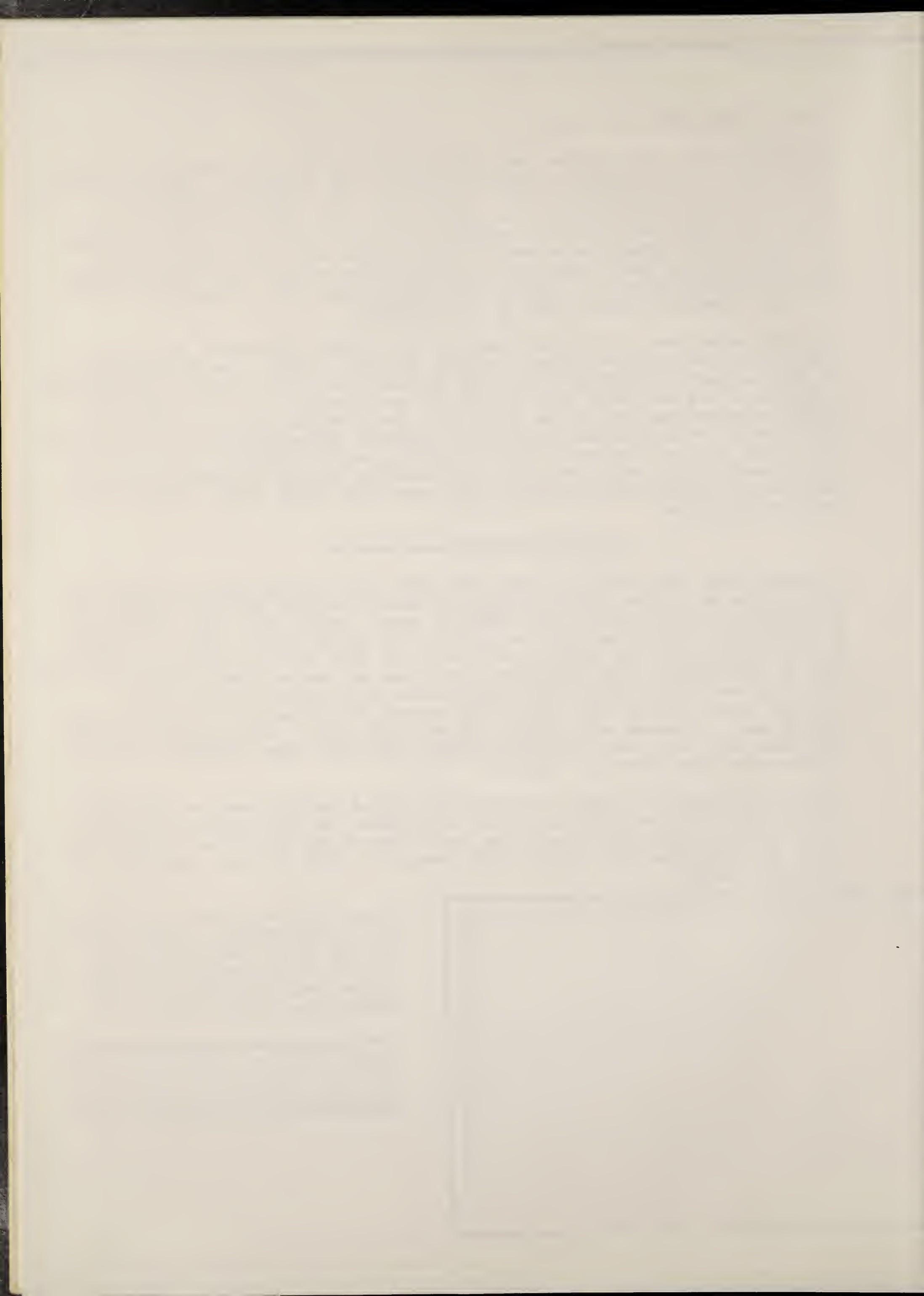
Perhaps Heman read of the Illinois in the little geography that his future daughter-in-law, then a school girl of twelve, was then studying. On the subject of Illinois the book expounds to the extent of a page and a half.... "The northern part of the state belongs to the Indians. The white settlements are in the south and are divided into 19 counties." Four towns are mentioned. Kaskaskia, Cahokia, Shewneetown and Edwardsville. "The face of the country is flat abounding with extensive prairies, the soil generally is very fertile, particularly on the margins of rivers. Corn is the staple production." Such were the total facts taught by the Vermont schools.

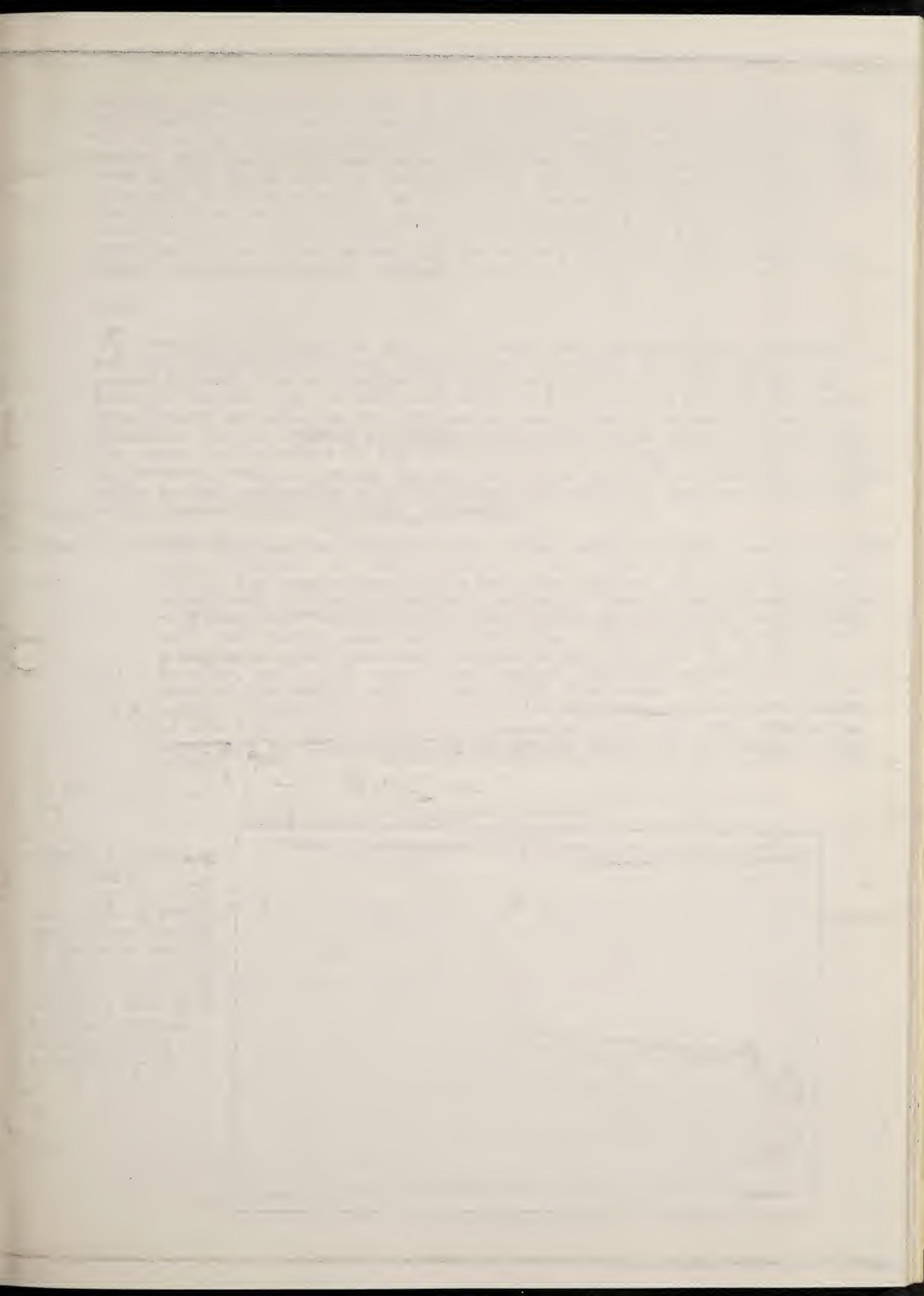
It would have been difficult to find more unpromising surroundings than those offered by the little known settlement of fur traders who had located on a river mouth that emptied muddy waters into Lake Michigan; a spot which the Potowatamie Indians had named Che-oh-you, a sandbar blocked the harbor to ships. The river ran with no perceptible current, end to the horizon the landscape stretched in one monotonous level of flat uniformity. A heavy rain transformed the prairie into a vast, shallow lake, and in the spring and autumn the roads were a bottomless sea of mud. Pioneers who dotted the western states were fond of recalling that they had come through Chicago, and that they "wouldn't take a quarter-section there as a gift."

There is nothing to indicate how or why Heman Rowley came to Illinois, nor at what date he made his first appearance in the remote settlement which in the year 1830 boasted no more than eighty persons. Rachel, his wife, had remained in Vermont. His seventeen year old son, Aldrick, was in Huron, Ohio.

Heman was no doubt a squatter, not a land-owner. To the north of his cabin ran a mud road which, that summer, had been named Randolph Street, Clark Street was to his west, and

RIGHT: WAGNER DRIVE: WOLF FARM IN THE DISTANCE. In right foreground home of Park Beauchon...







Bearborn Street to the east. in this location, considered undesirable, only one other person had settled, a Mr. Goodrich, who joined Heman in the vicinity south of Randolph. During the summer James Thompson, surveyor, made the first map and city plan of Chicago, inscribing Heman's name on the north half of section 38. A month after the survey the lots were auctioned off at an average price of \$35.00. Perhaps Heman thought there were already "to damn many peopul"; perhaps he didn't have the thirty-five dollars. But his judgement cost him the golden opportunity for which he and all the others had left their homes. For Heman, opportunity never knocked again.

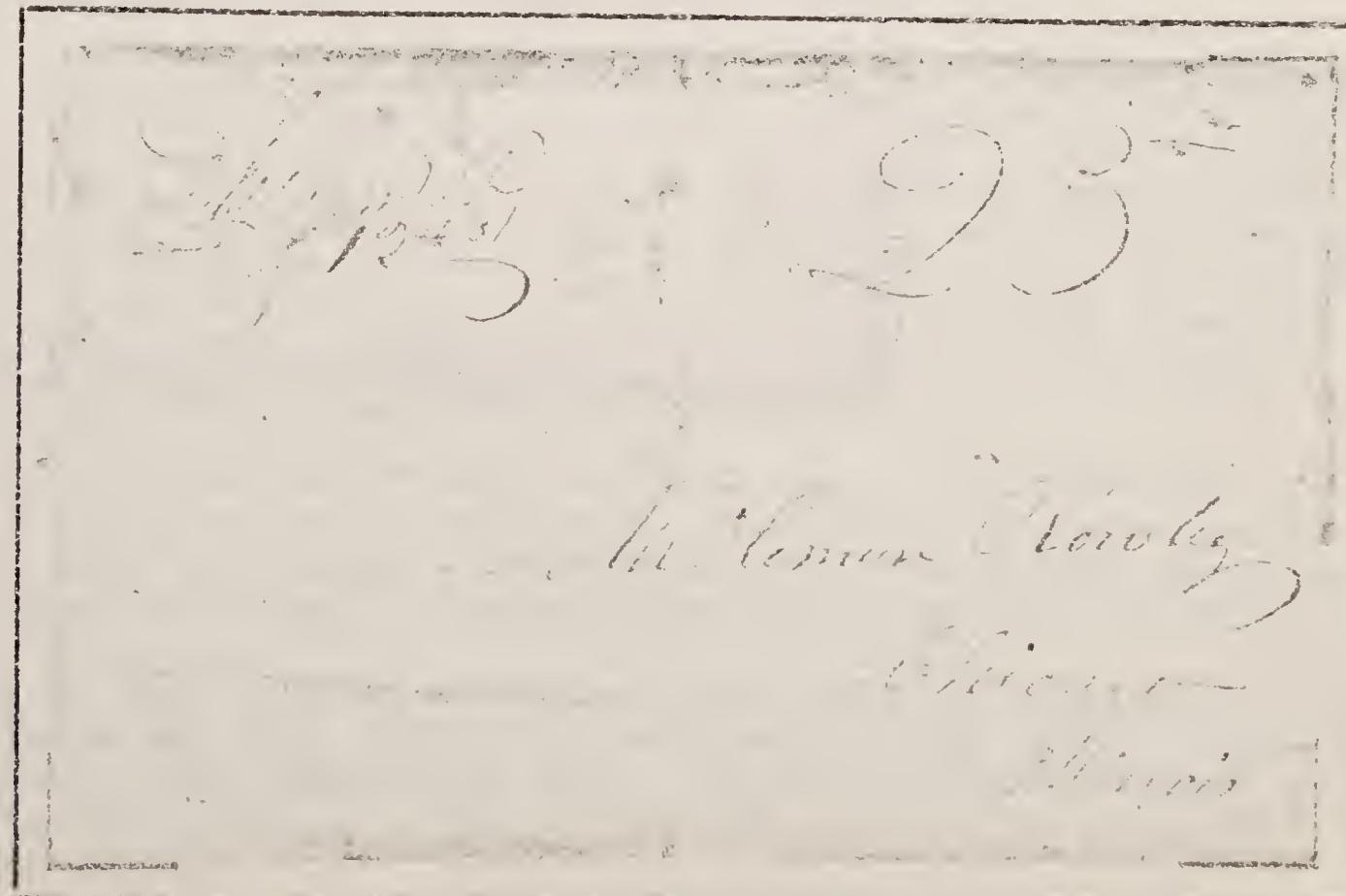
1831.

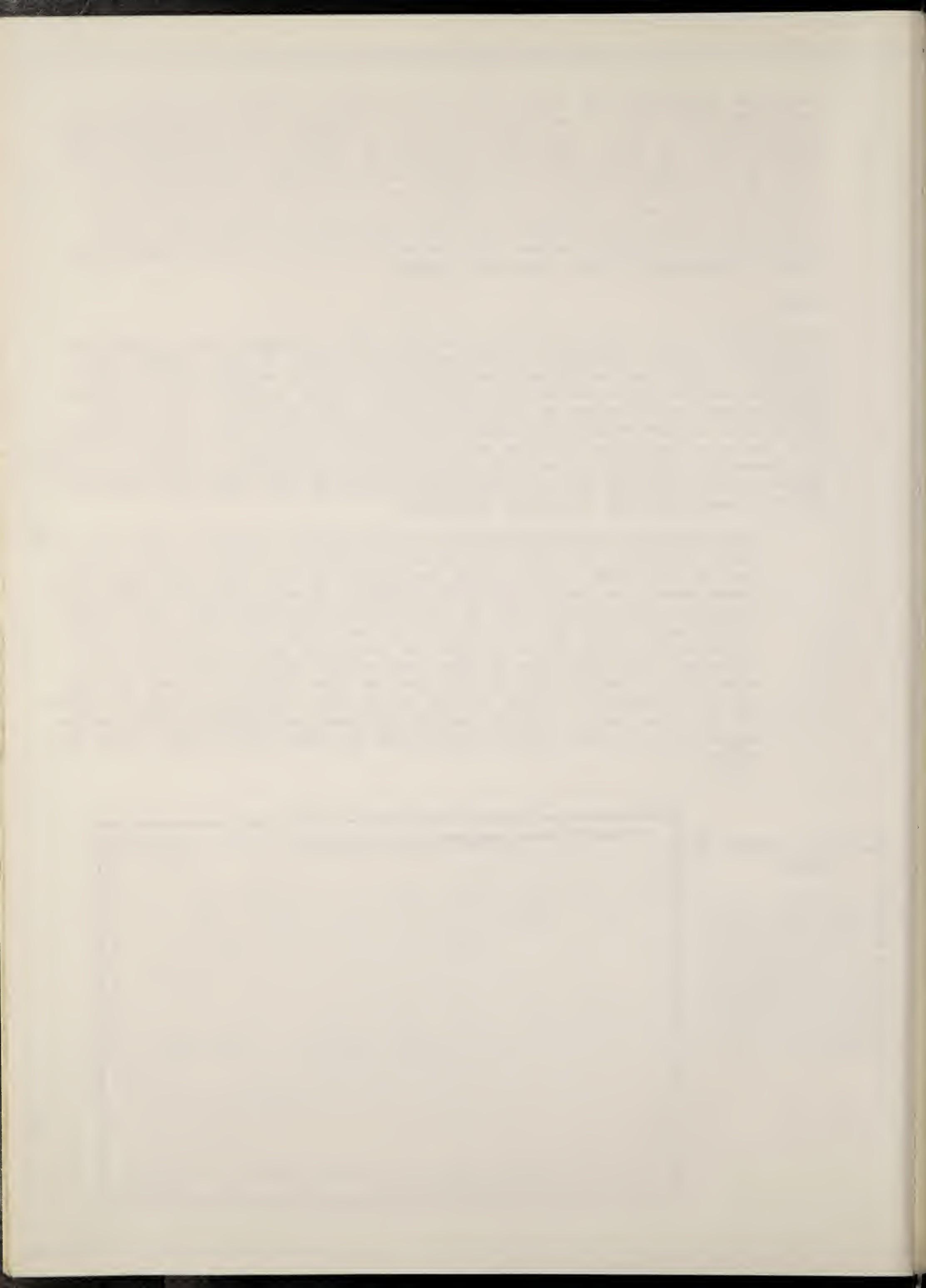
The community of log huts where, as yet, not a single frame structure had been raised, presented little outward change. Of the numbers who passed through the settlement on their way to the valleys of the Fox, Plaines and Du Page, seven remained to try their luck by Fort Dearborn. Cook County was created by legislation and Chicago became the County Seat. One letter written by James Farrington is the only correspondence for the year contained in the archives of the Chicago Historical Society. In Vermont, doubtful as to the possibilities of life in Illinois, Rachel wrote to her husband in a letter dated February 12, 1831 and addressed to Mr. Heman Rowley, Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Husband: We received your letter with pleasure, and it is with that we answer it. You wished us a happy new year in your letter, and we did have a very happy new year and one that will long be remembered. We had a glorious revival; above a hundred experienced religion, and mostly all of them joined on probation, and I feel very anxious for your soul's welfare. I exceedingly regret that I did not, while you was with me, warn you of the truth that is to come, and point you to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. But do not forget that which is past, and now devote yourself to God; do not be so much engaged in the business of the time as to forget the preparation for divinity. Tho we be separated in this world, may we not be separated in the world to come.

RACHEL'S LETTER TO
HEMAN

Excessively rare.. Should the letter of Heman's mentioned by Rachel ever come to light, it would be the top-ranking item of Chicagoana in existence.....





William has concluded to go the last of March with a horse and wagon to the Illinois to see the country and you, and when you see him he will tell you all about our affairs here. A. and B. are not here. The last we heard from Aldrick he was in Huron, Ohio State. Bishop is in Geneva, N.Y. and is driving stage, and I am not willing to go to you unless the boys go first and are suited with the place and think it is best for me and the children to go, I shall be willing to go.

I think if you have so much money you ought to pay the postage of your letters, but however take care of yourself and I presume you know how to do that, and I hope you will be very temperate and try to do well. You have not but a few days to stay in this world, and I hope you will live as though you thought you was going to die.

There has been a number of deaths and marriages here. John Fletcher, a few days ago, died with the consumption. O inexorable death; but we have all got to pass through the dark valley of the shadow of death, but if we have religion

to support us, and if we have a hope big with immortality beyond the grave, then can we say 'death where is thy sting' and 'O grave where is thy victory'. May we live as pilgrims and sojourners here below, seeking a city that is out of sight to find. May our hearts and treasures be in heaven.

Read the Bible much and take it for your guide, and be careful to depart from evil and cleave to that which is good. We're all well and we get along very well with about everything but wood, but we are some plagued about getting that. The children and friends join me in love to you. This from your affectionate wife,

MARY ROWLEY



1832

Spring and the Blackhawk War came to Chicago. The normal population of about a hundred was overnight swelled to five times that number by frightened settlers of the nearby country who fled to the shelter of Fort Dearborn. In July came General Scott with several hundred soldiers from the east, and with them came the Asiatic Cholera. Settlers and soldiers alike left the town in round numbers, the Indian peril was forgotten, and Chicago was emptied of its civilian population. By autumn, when the cholera had departed, the Indians had been driven off all time from the territory between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi, and the Chicagoans returned to their homes. The population increased by 20, a frame building in the nature of a warehouse was erected by George Dole, and business went on in the usual manner. And what of Heman during this critical time? Did he take this opportunity to return to Vermont on a visit? It just doesn't say.

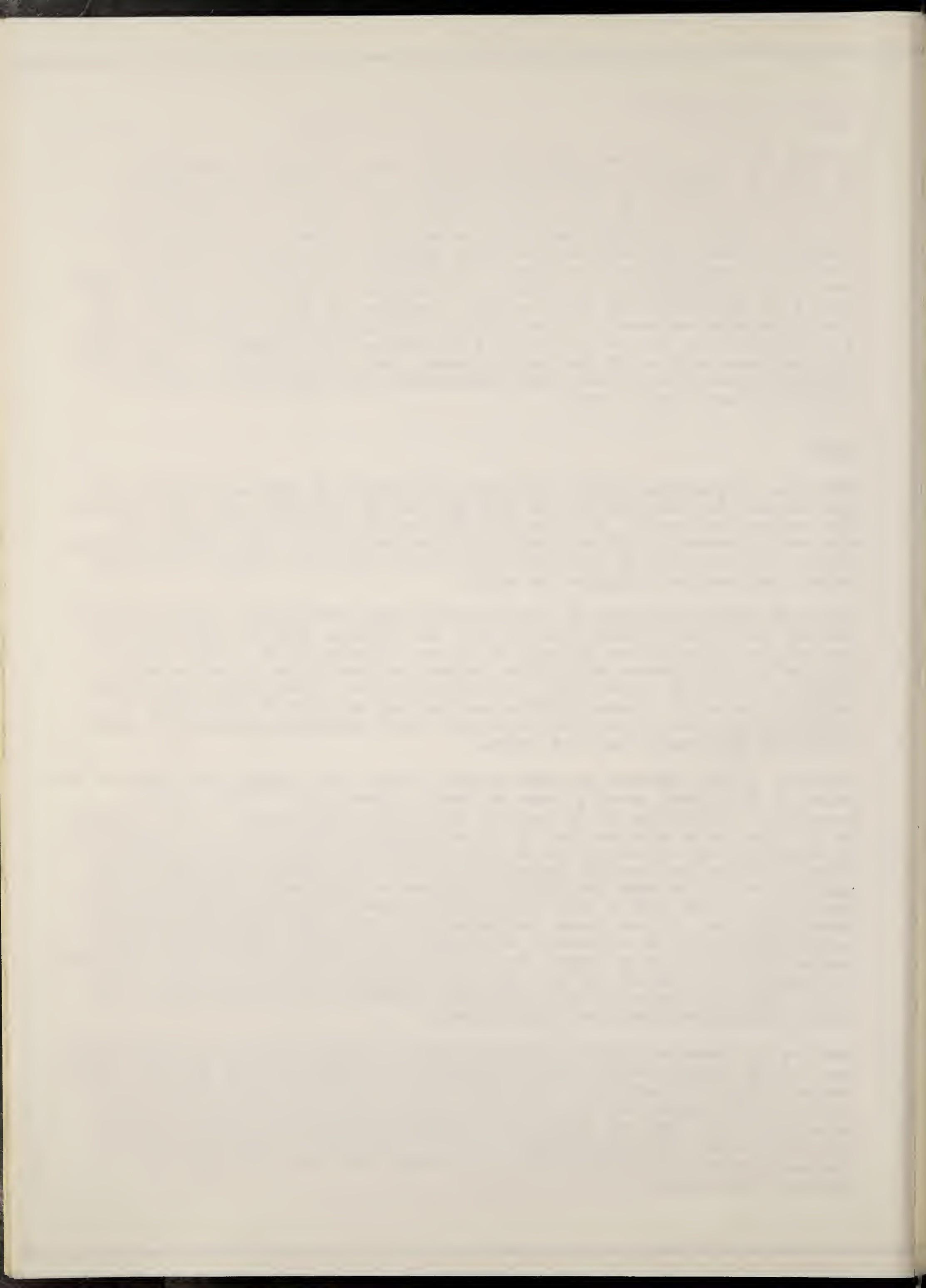
1833

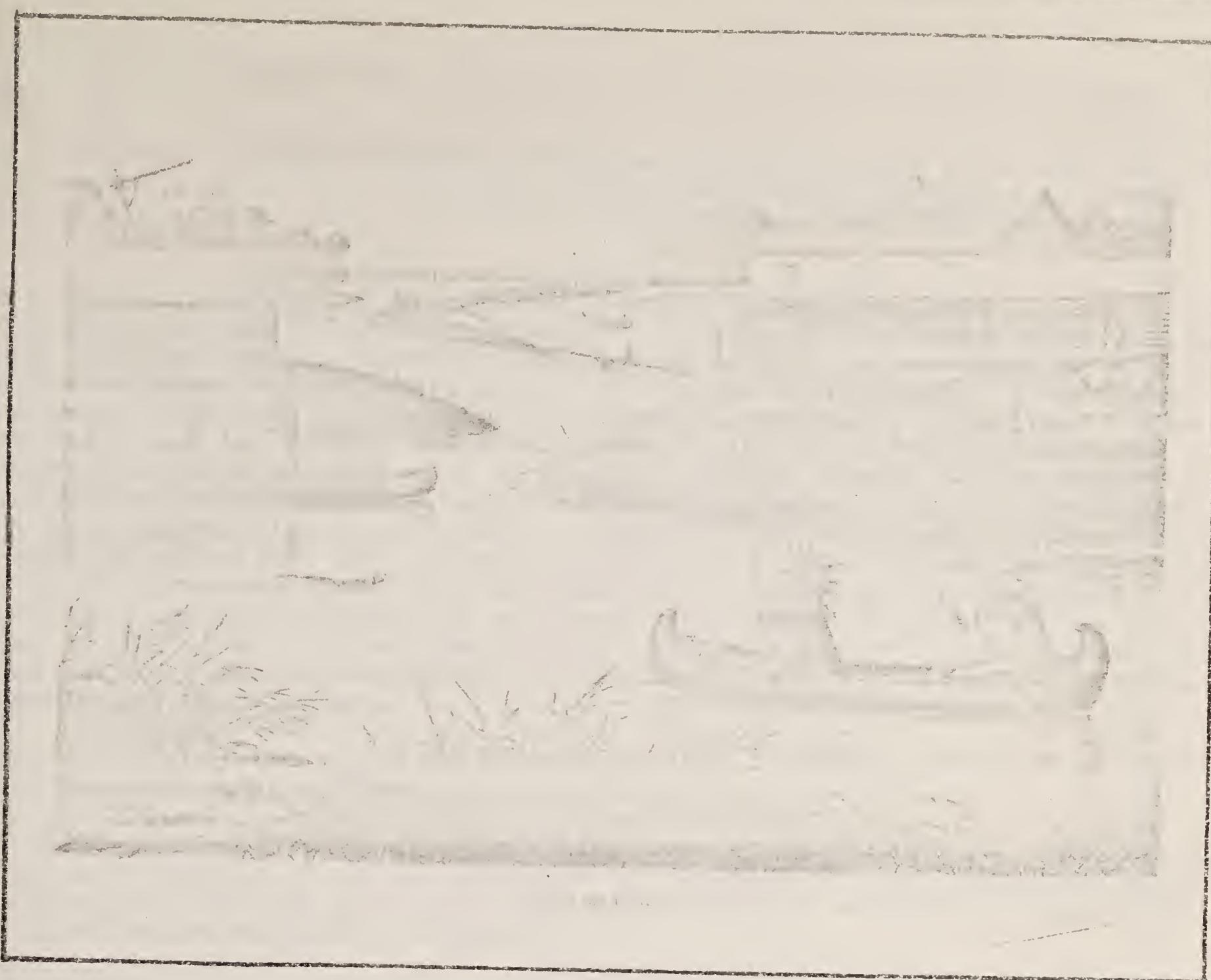
This was an election year, and with the arrival of 120 new settlers it was decided to incorporate the village. In the election for town trustees the entire electorate, twenty-eight in number, came to the polls and elected thirteen to office. Heman did not indulge in this civic responsibility. It is entirely possible that he had already removed to Whiskey Point, and was not eligible to vote.

Although other locations in Chicago have been designated 'Whiskey Point', notably the area 'back-of-the-yards', the dubious distinction of being the original instigator belongs to Heman. Whiskey Point is the intersection of 52nd Street with Grand Avenue and Armitage. There is still (1941) a building called the 'Old Point Tavern' across from the Cragin Bank. It is still Whiskey Point. And the explanation of its title is certainly not due to the fact that the first quarterly meeting of Methodists in Jefferson was held there.

Andreas, in his History of Cook County, says. "Mr. Howley who lived at the point of the grove usually kept on hand a barrel of whiskey for the purpose of dispensing it to such of the early inhabitants as had to have it to take their quinine in." If this Machiavellian statement by Andreas is a consistent editorial trend, his History is worth little. Whiskey flowed freely and cheaply during Chicago's early years, keeping tavern was for years the most profitable business enterprise. During the highly moral 1880's and 1890's when the greatest number of Chicago histories were published, it was found convenient to avoid all possible reference to the prevalence of drinking, carousing and general immorality which marked Chicago's early years. By 1850 Chicago had an unenviable reputation throughout the country as the wickedest city in America, and after the Great Fire was spoken of in a thousand pulpits as the visitation of an angry Providence upon the second Sodom.

Members of Heman's family called his inn an 'eating place'. Be that as it may, Grand Avenue, which was the main road between Chicago and the western towns before the turnpike, now Lake Street, was built, was known as the Whiskey Point Road. If his immediate family chose to expunge the name as originating from the number of bankrupts served by Heman, that is certainly their affair. However, Heman's tendencies in this direction singled him out for oblivion in the family archives, and little is known of his career.





of the old road Edwin Gale wrote: "The whiskey point road leading to the farm over which I traveled so much was a fair sample of them all. When our summer birds were singing in southern skies, when the frosts had come and the flowers gone, when the rains had filled the ground with moisture and the waters covered the face of the earth, making every depression a slough, without a ditch anywhere to carry off the accumulated floods; then the wheels sank to the hubs, and the hearts of the drivers sank correspondingly; then blows and coaxing alike were unavailing in starting the tired teams and the settling loads. It was at such times that the discouraged farmers, wet, cold, hungry and disconsolate, lost in mud and darkness would cast their eyes longingly toward Whiskey Point, as the weather beaten marriner longs for a friendly port. For the farmer knew that 'Old Rowley' had something for him in keeping with the name of the Point if he could only manage to get there...."

It is doubtful if Neman's zealous Rachel was completely apprised of the nature of her new home. When she arrived the following year she could hardly have been received in more than a two room log house, isolated miles from neighbors, dirty and probably infested with no less vermin than were customary in the average Chicago dwelling. Expectations of domestic tranquility must have seemed a remote hope.



1834

The land rush to Chicago was on. Fortunes in real estate were made and lost. As the news went out, speculators and settlers moved in by the hundreds. Chicago was 'on the map', and to the promised land came the family, friends and inlaws of Heman Rowley.

The Rowleys and others from Vermont settled in Section 14 of Leyden Township, and the map on the opposite page shows holdings of land some years later, there being no map in existence showing any details of settlement outside the city limits at that early date. Some of their neighbors at that time were Mr. Brooks and Mr. Sherman on Section 3, and Ezra and William Ellis on Sections 9 and 10. Samuel and Abel Spencer settled on the Lafranboise Reserve (Robinson's) just east of the Aux Plaines River, buying a portion of David Everett's purchase, and erected a log house which was sometimes used as a hotel. Later they built a tavern on the west side of the river. In 1844 when the Post Office was established at their hotel, the settlement was named Cazenovia after the New York town from whence the Spencers had come. When William Emerson was appointed Postmaster the post office was moved to his home and the name changed to Leyden Center. The district is now known as River Grove. Others of the neighbors were O.C. Willey, George A. Gutherie and Elijah Shaw.

Heman and Rachel had eight children which the following brief facts will serve to place in position:

(1) William Burritt Rowley, eldest son, born at Shelburn, Vt., 1811 who came to Chicago shortly after his marriage at Shelburn to Fura, daughter of Samuel P. Curry, and settled on a farm near his brothers. Details of his family and line are on following pages.

(2) Heman Rowley, probably 2nd son, who married Sarah, daughter of his neighbor, Jacob Kline who was later a school trustee and director of Leyden Township, and who remained in the Chicago area.

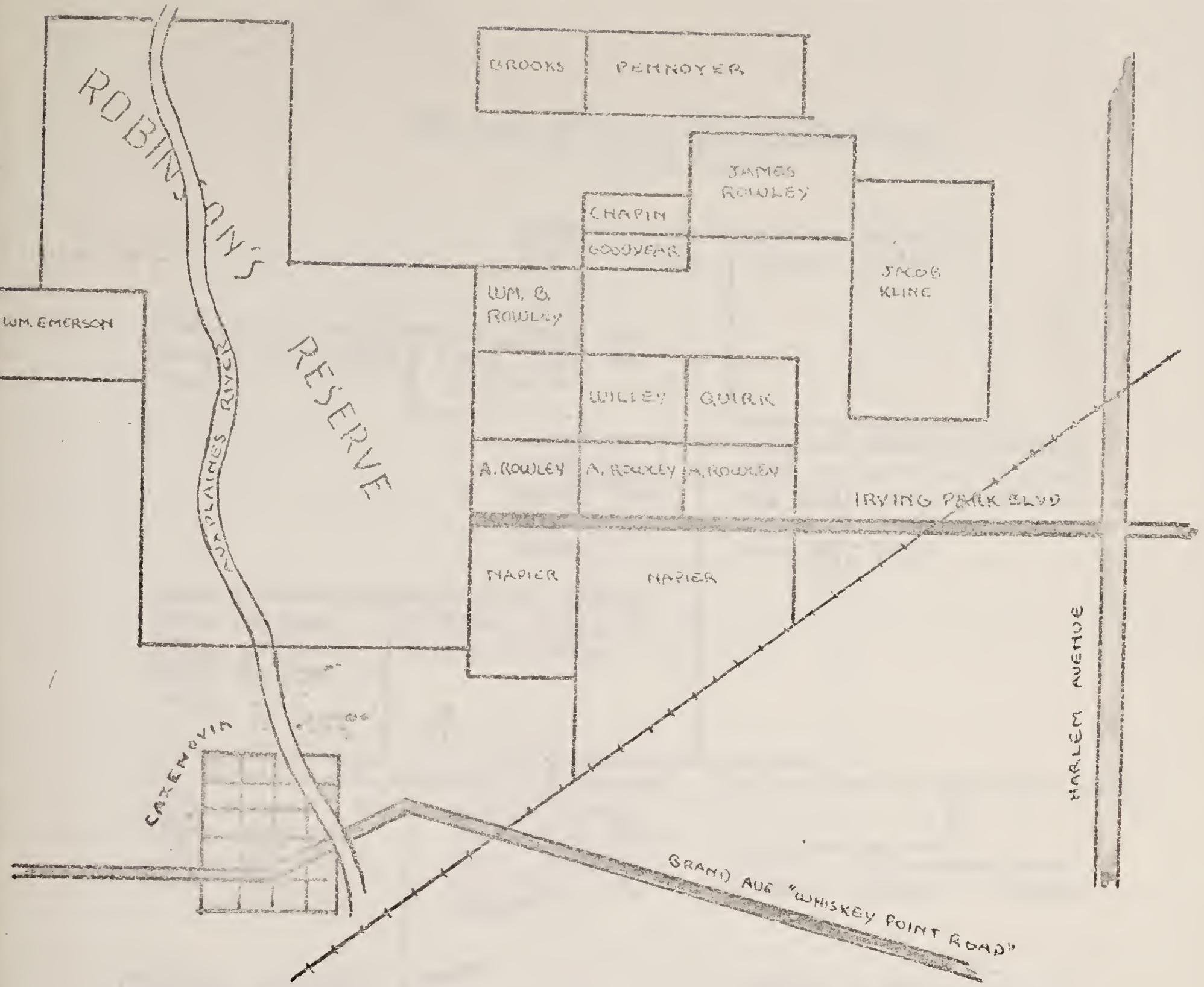
(3) James Rowley who married Delia Chapin, another Leyden neighbor. They later moved to Minnesota.

(4) Bishop Rowley, who remains unaccounted for. We recall that he was mentioned by Rachel's driving stage in New York State. He is mentioned but once again in family annals with the cryptic notation: Bishop - lost. As this could mean any of several things, Bishop becomes a most intriguing genealogical 'itch'.

(5) Paulina Rowley, on whom there is no data, is presumed to have attained her majority.

(6) Lucy A. Rowley, who probably came with her mother in 1834-5, found employment in a tavern on the road to Elgin where she met Oscar Brewster. They settled at Little Woods on the Fox River, and of them much more anon.





(7) Hester Rowley, who died aged 8 in 1836, presumably in Chicago.

(8) Aldrick Rowley, born in Shelburn, 1813, mentioned by Rachel as being in Huron, Ohio in 1831. Returning to Vermont, he arrived in Chicago in 1834 with his brother William, his mother and possibly other members of the family. When they first arrived all must have lived with Heman at Whiskey Point until land could be purchased and cabins built. Shortly after providing the rudiments of living, Aldrick returned to Vermont for his wife-to-be, Jane Perry, of whom the balance of these writings largely concerns.

Heman Rowley, forty years of age in the year 1834, fades from the picture at this point. There are indications that he became a 'problem' to his family, and was more or less ignored. His wife Rachel maintains her position in the background of Rowley affairs. Both Rachel and her sister, Hester (Burritt) Judson died in the cholera epidemic in July of 1851. Heman, at the age of 61, died in 1854, and both are buried at the old cemetery in Norwood Park.



THE LINE OF WILLIAM BURRITT ROWLEY
1811 - 1879

Heman Rowley — Rachel Burritt
 1794 - 1855. 1788 - 1854

Samuel P. Curry — Anna Woodruff
 Born 1781. Ob. 1869.
 Born 1780. Ob. 1834. Jun 24

Lora Curry —	William Burritt Rowley
Born Shelburne 1813	Born Shelburne, vt. Oct.
Ob. Chicago 1888.	31, 1811. Ob. Chicago,
	Sept. 2, 1879. ux. Shelburne
	Nov. 23, 1823

Hercus Versema — Katherine Adams
 Born Holland 1791. Arrived 1854. Ob. Chicago
 1854. Ob. Chicago 1903.
 Arrived Chicago 1855.

Richard Versema — Lucy L. Rowley	
Born Holland in 1843. Arrived 1854. Ob. Chicago 1903.	Born Chicago, 1843. Ob. Raymond, Washington 1929. ux. 1864.

Helen Rowley — Henry Chapin
Olive Eva — James Chapin
McGawn

Edward Versema
UX - BOTH HIS AND WIFE AT MENOMONIE, MINN
Maud Versema
UX - THIMES LIVED RAYMOND, WASH.

EDWARD
OSTOPATHIC CHY.

Nicholas Guthier — Mary
Ob. Germany 1857.
Wittenbach

Lorenz Guthier — Catherine
Born Germany 1828. Arrived 1845. Ux. Cleveland 1857. Ob. Chicago 1924.
Knecht. born Germany 1823. Arrived 1846. Ob. Chicago 1905

Helen L. Versema — George Guthier
Born Chicago in 1855. Ux. 1887. Ob. Paso Robles, Cal. 1927.
Born Chicago Nov 23 1863

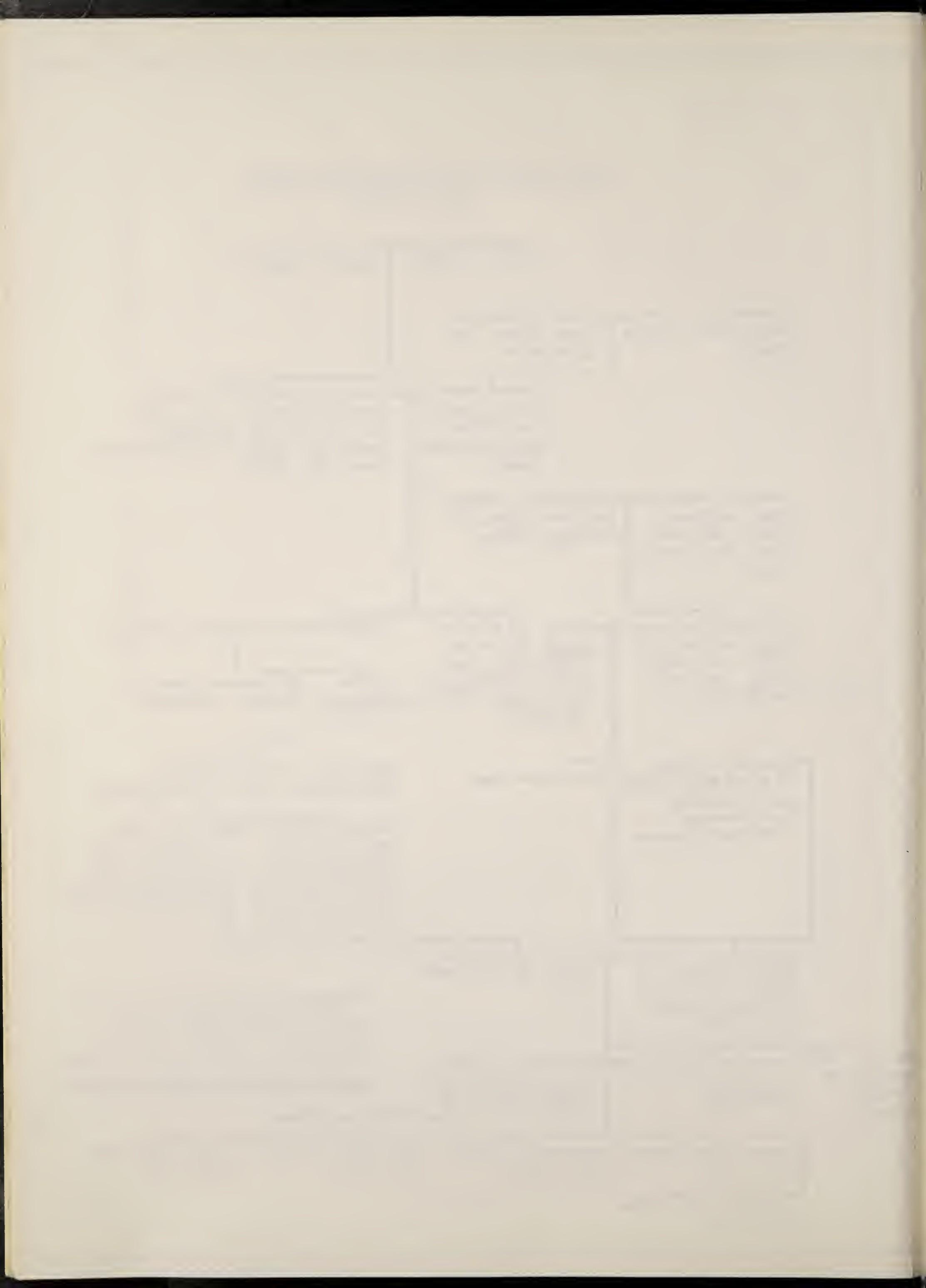
from records of
 Cora Guthier Dahm: 1927
 D.A.R. # 200982
 Mayflower # Gen. 3479 - Dist.
 of Columbia # 460

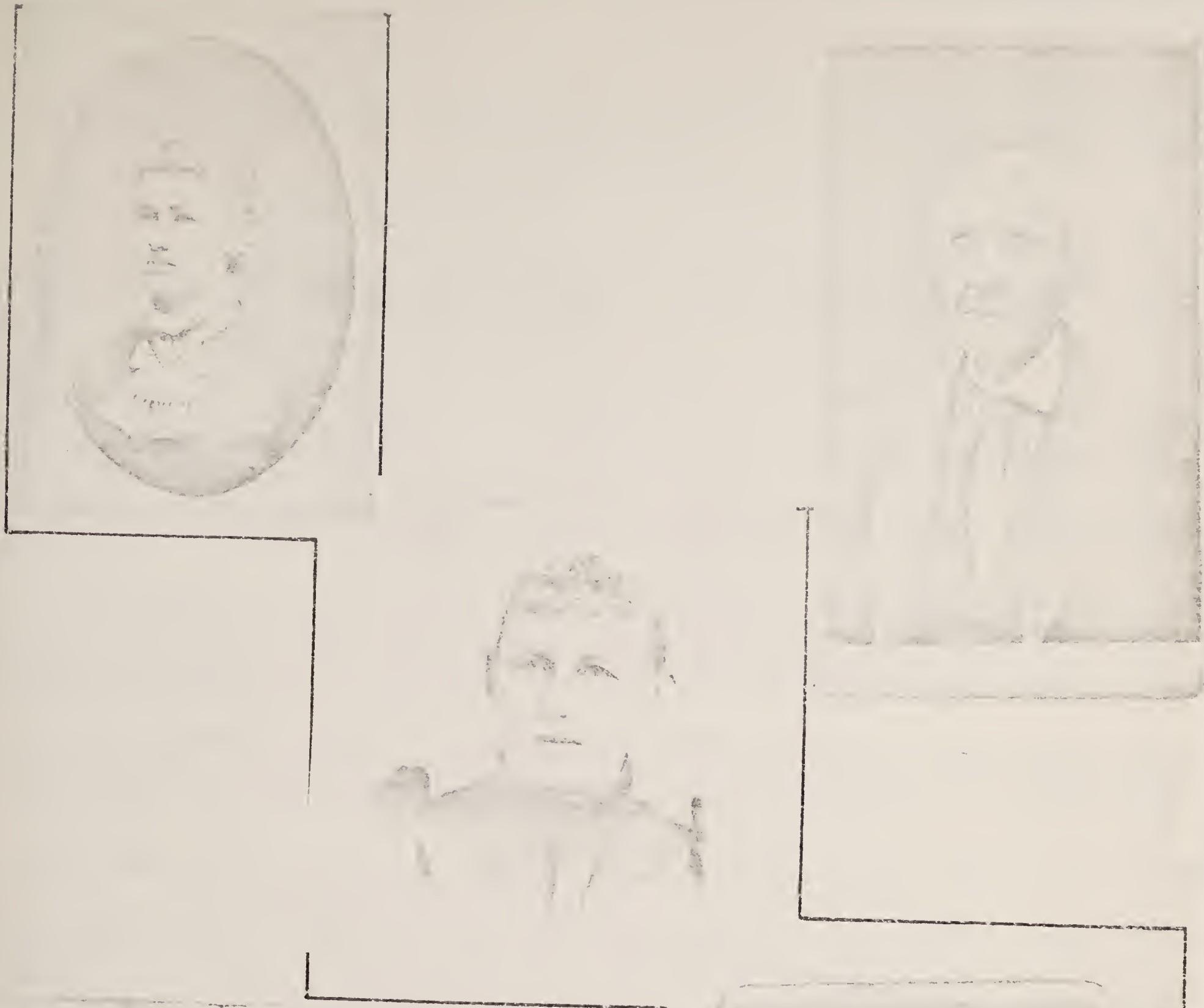
Cora M. Guthier — Thomas M. Dahm
Born Chicago 1888. Ux. 1920.
McGregor, Ia. 1887. Lieut. in World War I - Reg. U.S. Moscow, Idaho

Mary Ellen Dahm	Frances A. Dahm	Margaret C. Dahm	James M. Dahm
Born 1921	Born 1922	Born 1924	Born 1925

Virginia J. Dahm
 Born 1928

ELDEST SON 2nd
 HIST CITY ENG.
 CHICAGO
 1925
 MARSHAL





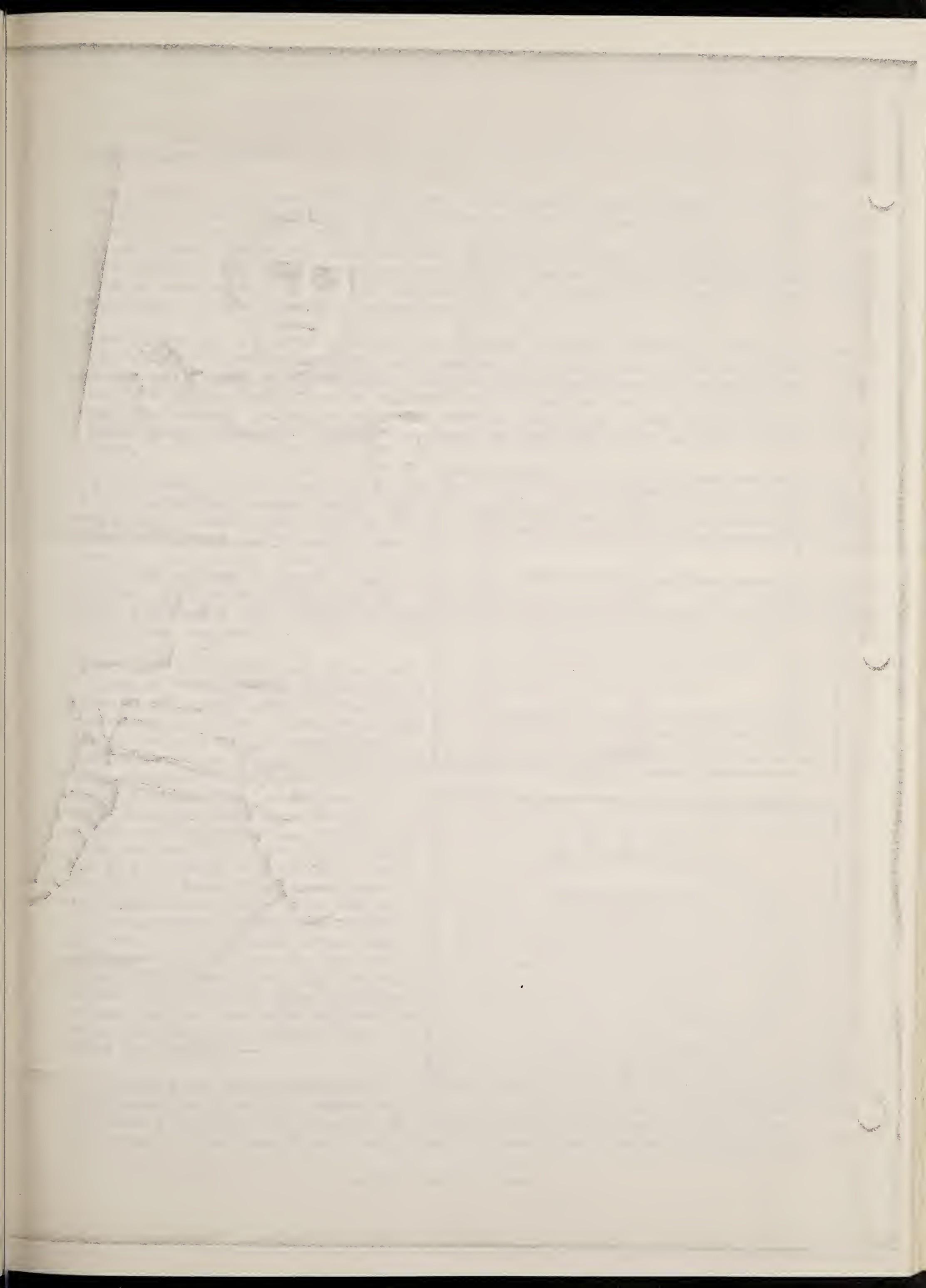
When around this youthfull fire
Mops shall creep and thy twine
When our burnished locks are gray
Thinned by many a wil spent day
Still in loves lone bowes remain
There we all shall meet again

W. H. F. & J.

Album

11







JANE PERRY ROWLEY:

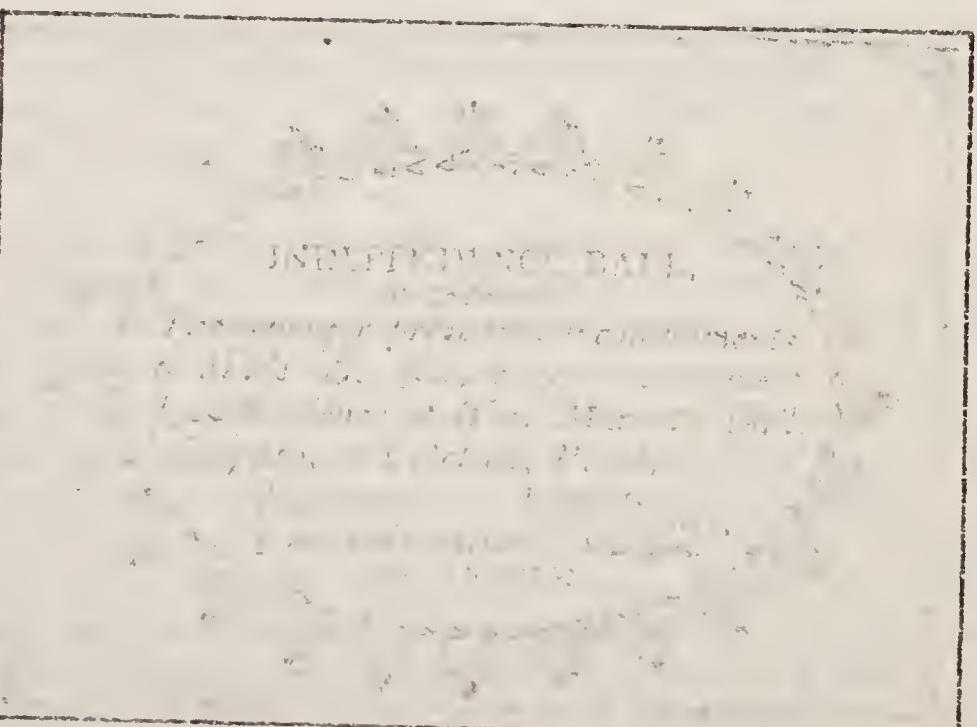
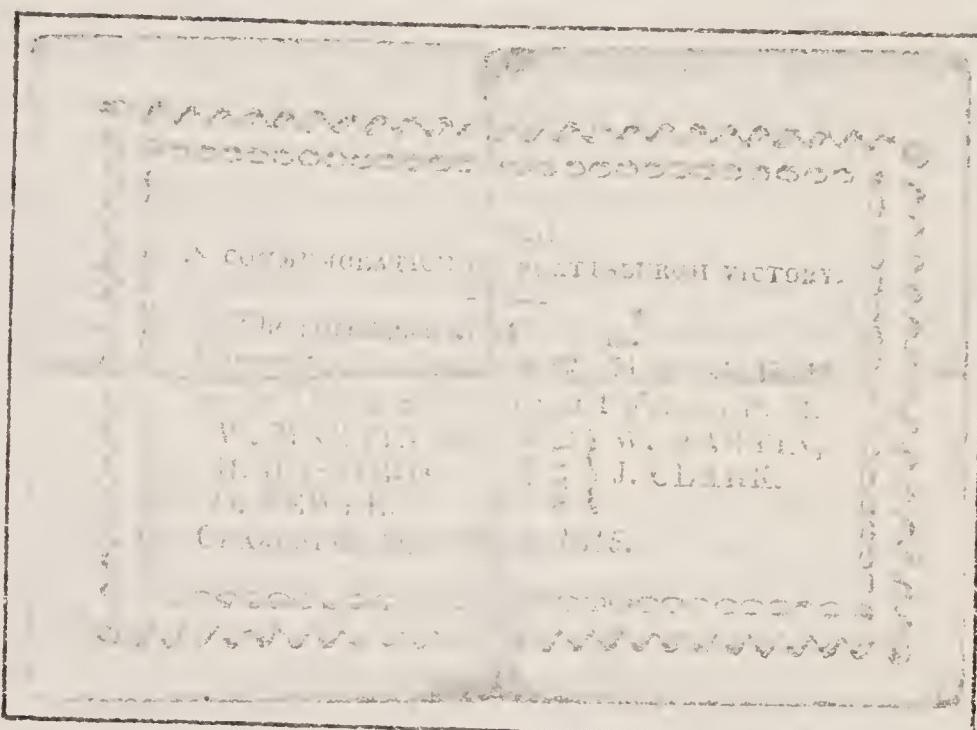
The spring and summer of 1816 were remarkably cold. Snow fell to the depth of several inches in all parts of Vermont on the 6th of June, and from the general failure of the crops there was an uncommon scarcity of provisions. Westward, Indiana was granted statehood, but beyond its western borders lay only unorganized public domain. Newly elected President Monroe was on a tour of New England in an attempt to dispell anti-national feeling. It was the first post-war year.

Israel Perry, in 1816 aged 22, veteran of the war of 1812, having served in Captain Stone's Company, and Lomenda (Conger) his wife, aged 19 had made their home in Charlotte, not far from Shelburn. It is evident, from the use of her maiden name on the invitation to the ball commemorating the Plattsburg victory that she married sometime after September 9th of 1815. Their daughter, Jane, was born on September 4th of the following year.

As a father, Israel proved to be a disappointing experiment. His wife died March 19th 1820 in her 23rd year, and he promptly deserted his child, leaving her in the care of her widowed grandmother, Patience Fefft Conger who, although the mother of ten children, apparently lived alone.

There is no doubt that Jane had a lonely and strange childhood devoid of normal affection. She recalled in later years that her Uncle Nelson Perry, so-called handsomest man in the county who had amassed considerable wealth in Mobile, returned to his Vermont home on a visit. Rich and influential, Uncle Nelson presented an awesome figure to his Vermont relations. Visiting his niece, his appearance elicited such fear that she ran for the woods. Going in search of her, Uncle Nelson found her crying and took her up in his arms and kissed her. In her memories of childhood the instance stood out as the sole expression of affection with which she came in contact.

No picture of Jane during her childhood or youthful years exists. perhaps because of this she attempted to draw a picture of herself in words which, many years later, she dictated to her daughter, Marietta, and entitled "Pages from My Life".





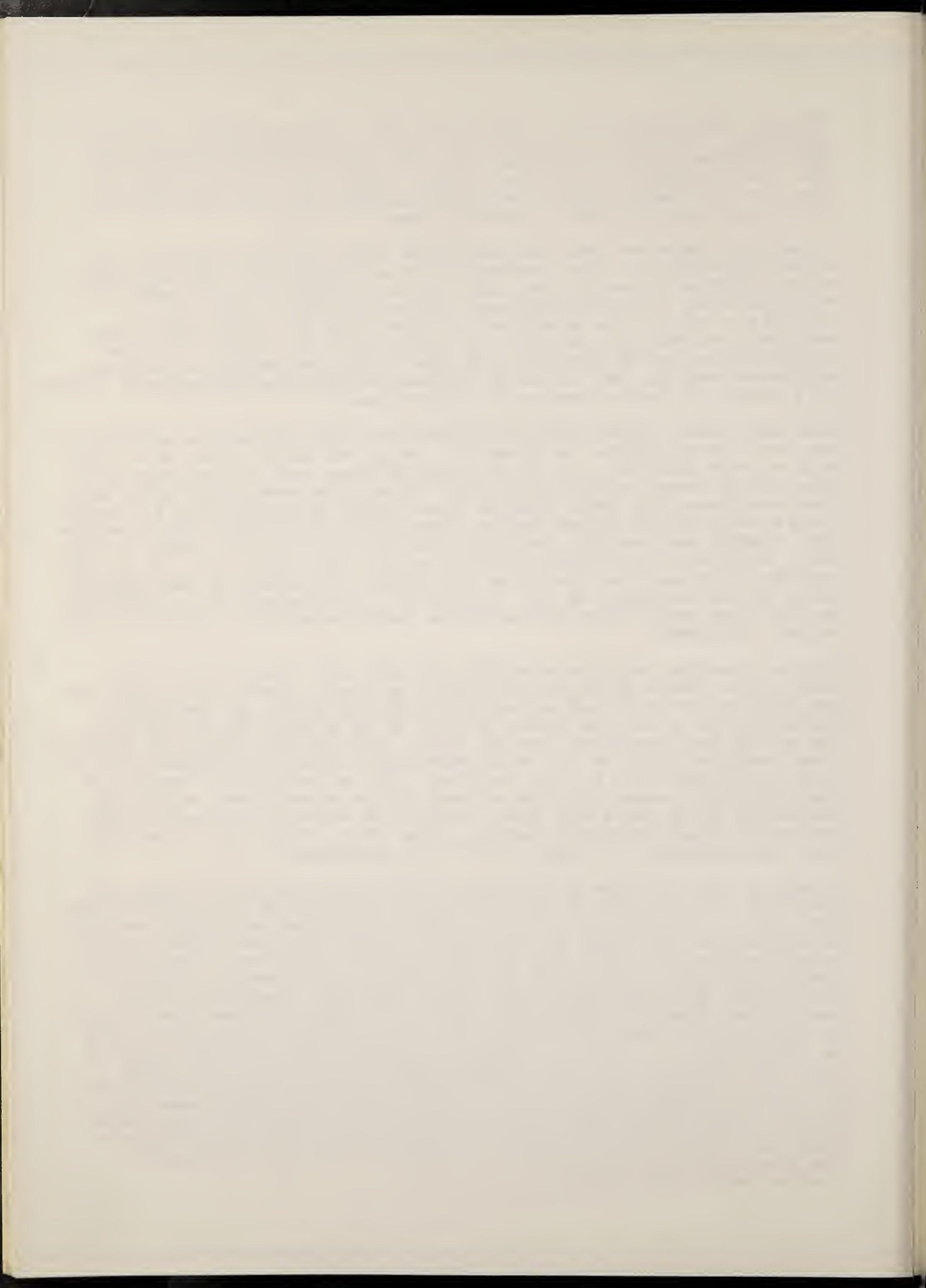
Dear Old New England! How I love thee, home of my childhood, girlhood and womanhood, that knew all my joys and sorrows and sympathized in them with unspoken words of comfort until my heart was soothed and ceased its vain repinings. The dear old hills, brooks and rivulets still are fresh in my memory. Still I look back as though it were but yesterday, and my eyes grow dim and my heart sadens as I muse.

I doubt if there are many who hold their homes in such reverence and divine adoration as I do. Perhaps it was on account of being deprived of my mother at an early age, and being left comparatively alone. It was true I had a kind grandmother, but an unfeeling father and no brothers or sisters to shield me from the blast of a cold world. How well do I remember the day that my mother was laid away in the cold ground and my father for the first time trying to console me and stop my piteous crying. How little do children realize the blessings of a mother's love, and that no one can fill her place.

From that time I lived with my grandmother, till she too was conveyed to her last resting place. We lived in a large red house on top of a hill with a large orchard in front and a shady lane. Back of the house was a long row of barns, an old cedar mill and all the attachments of an old fashioned home. The large kitchen rises before my memory with its sanded floors and straight backed chairs where we did the week's work of scouring, cooking and mending. Evenings when the day's work was done, Grandma and I would take our knitting and sit in the south door, she with her low rocking chair and I on the large door stone, and listen to the mournful chirp of the katydids and the tones of the grasshoppers who would perch on the fence until their little bodies could be seen in a black line for quite a distance.

Then my thoughts would go wandering off into the future till called back by the gentle touch of her hand on my head. "Jennie dear, what are you thinking about?" Then my needles would fly again, and she would begin to talk of the old times, telling me of Grandpa who had died in the war of the revolution (war of 1812 - John Conger, husband of Patience died March 3rd 1813) of his tall commanding figure and handsome face, of their young days when he came courting, till my young heart would beat foolishly and I would sigh for a lover of the olden times, and in the simplicity of my years ask when I could have someone to love me. Then she would rebuke me gently, saying. "Poor silly child, your time will come soon enough. What would I do if you were gone?"

I usually spent my days in rambling around in the woods in search of birchbark and wint rgreen, or anywhere my fancy led me. I was not alone, for I had a mate who was as fond of outdoor exercise as myself. One day we started for the woods in high glee. I think there was never a pleasanter day when the birds sang so sweet and the sun shone so brightly, casting its rays on the grand old mountains. All nature seemed alive as well as us. We danced along with a hop, skip and a jump and at last reached our place of destination which was a brook or river that meandered through the woods. Where is there a child who does not love to wade in the water.... I am sure I did. We scrambled down the bank and in we went. Bye and bye a floating plank caught our eye and a grand idea presented itself, which was to take a ride, and we both managed to get on and were sailing along in fine style till by an unlucky move the plank slipped and we were precipitated into the water in a very uncimoniuous manner. We were completely drenched and were obliged to start for home in haste, spending the remainder of the day in drying our clothes before the grate.



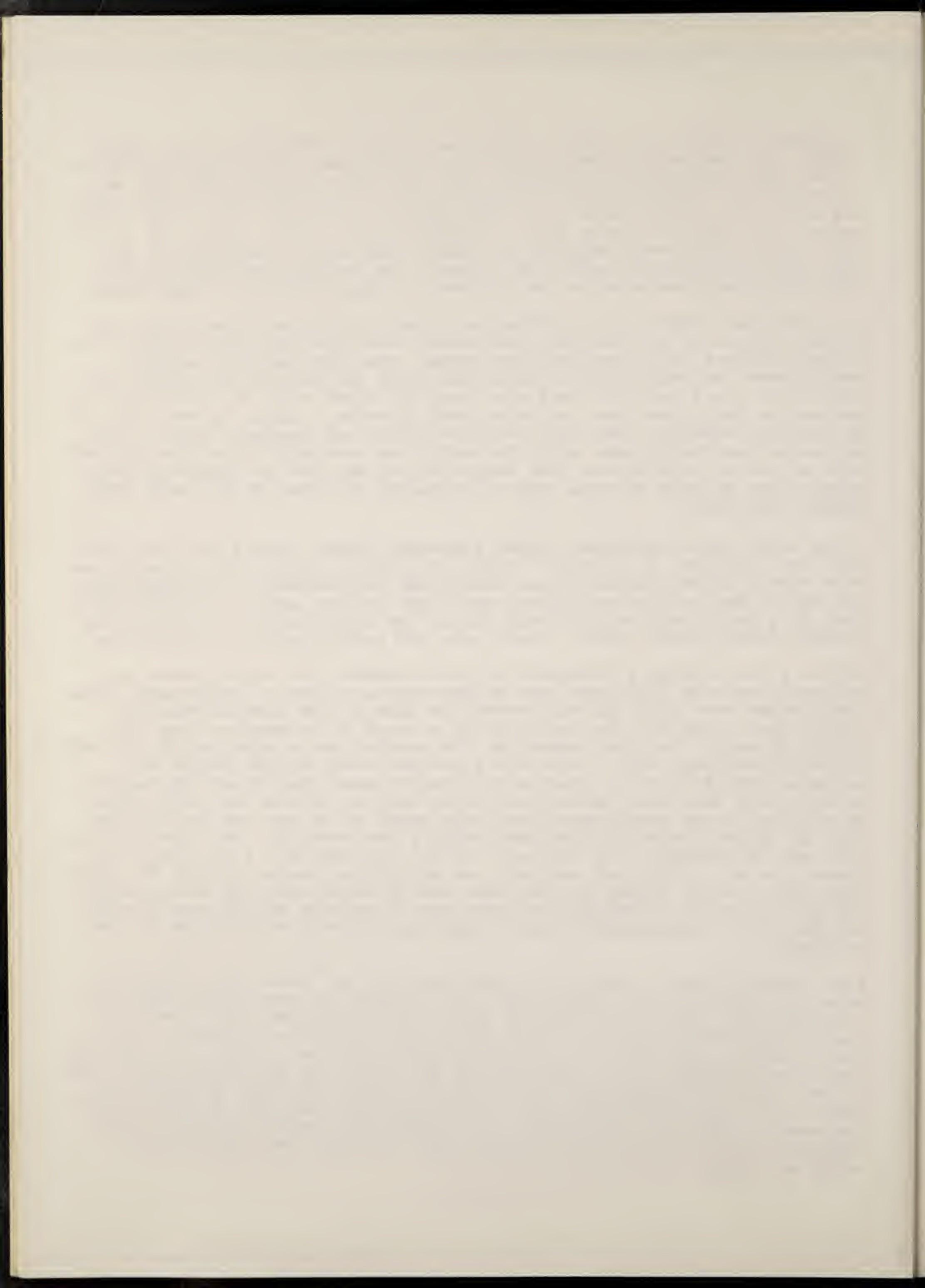
My days were made up of just such days, of great anticipation and expectation, but generally ended up as this one had done, in complete failure. I have gone three miles to procure gun, and after reaching the foot of the mountain, remembered that at some period of my life I had heard someone say that an old bear had her den there, so of course all I did was to retrace my steps. The only pets I remember having were a couple of lambs. With them I would romp and play for hours; how much we enjoyed it, but they were soon considered to much trouble and in spite of my cries and entreaties were banished to the pasture to mingle with the common sheep.

We rarely had company except when the pastor called, or some of the old ladies dropped by to chat away the hours. Occasionally an old bachelor or an elderly widower would come purring around, and then in high dudgeon I would start for Aunt Patty's across the field to tell her all about it. Aunt Patty was a good old maid who lived all alone with the exception of her cat, a large grey one. We were great friends, I going to her with all my childish troubles, and she giving me advice and counsel, when I with her would make up my mind never to marry, but always to live like her and have no one to trouble me. Then images of grandma and her handsome lover would flash through my head, and all thoughts of being an old maid would vanish instantly.

I was seven years old when I first commenced school, but I have not yet told how I looked. I was rather slim and delicate with dark hair and eyes that were neither grey nor blue, about half way between, a straight nose and white, even teeth... guess was quite pretty. But I cared not for that if I could only be by myself off in the swamp having a camp meeting in some lonely place where I could make the woods ring with my singing.

But as I was saying, I commenced to go to school. The school house was situated down the hill just east of our house. It was a little pink place, the benches were high and ran around the side of the room leaving the middle open. When we were large girls, we used to dance every day, I generally being the chief musician. The teacher was a prim, stiff old maid and very exacting. Many a time did I see her bring up her bundle of seasoned sprouts and lay them on the back of some poor trembling culprit. My turn came too, and I stood there with only my chemise and thin dress on waiting for my punishment. She would seize me by the arm and lay the whip on my poor smarting shoulders until I was ready to drop with vexation pain and humiliation, all for some trivial offence. But I must hurry by those days or I shall get excited. How eagerly we looked forward to Sunday when there was no school and no work, and we could have our best clothes and go to church. How well I remember the first pair of slippers I had, and how with a consequential air I stood up and made visible the tip of my shoe.

Time passed on and I attained my 16th year. It was then that I began to know what life was, to want to live differently, to have aspirations for a higher life, for alas, I was in love. I began to know what it was to feel myself chained to one being, dependent on him for happiness. Now I doted on him. His smile was endearment, his whisper a spell. I could have left home, kindred, all I possessed in the world for his sake. It was such a love as come to women but once in their lives, but alas, an unforeseen hand dashed the cup of happiness from my lips ere they had scarcely tasted its sweet nectar, and once more I was thrown back to my old life with a changed heart. I was a woman at eighteen. God pity those who are made women so young.







I attended singing school and parties and mingled with the world, but it never knew the utter loneliness of my heart. It is hard to rely so exclusively on one's self with none to pity or console. It is a bitter draught to take, but it is all the better after it is over for its very bitterness.

Then I was the envy of all the young ladies of our neighborhood. A rich, handsome young man came to our community, and I was the lodestone that drew him there, but it moved me not. My hair was beautiful, and I wore it in soft, silky curls around my neck. I hardly knew what passed in the preceding. I was eighteen, and time had, in a measure, healed the sorrow of my heart and worn off the sharpness of disappointment. I began once more to look like in the face, to sing and dance as formerly, but my step had lost some of its springing lightness. It was about this time that my beloved grandmother was called away from this world of sin and sorrow. Oh how lonely the old house was after they had carried her away. I went soon afterwards to reside with an aunt (Achala Conger Pierce), and it was there that I was destined to commence life again.

It was about a year (1834) after my grandmother's death that my cousin gave a party, and at this party I saw my future husband, although I little dreamed of it at the time. I wore black silk made so as to display the whiteness of my shoulders which were covered by my falling curls. I can look back over the lapse of years and live that night over again.

He was a little above the medium in size with dark hair and eyes, a pleasant expression and a sweet smile. He paid me some little attention and he, being a stranger, it was received with not a little gratified pride. When at parting he craved permission to renew the acquaintance thus made it was granted with a thrill of pleasure. He came often, and the tale is already well known.

Before I realized it I had given him my promise to share the sorrows and joys of life with him. It all seems like a dream. I knew he was good and noble, and loved me passionately. I knew I was not happy save in his presence. He was in need of a home, and so was I, and it was our plan to go away out west and build up a home of our own. We would be all in all to each other. Many and bright were our anticipations, and time flew by. Finally the time of parting came.

Aunt Achala Conger

Achala's home
and the view from
the dooryard with
Camel's Hump in
the distance.....





Aldrick was to start west to find us a home and commence a small settlement, and was to be absent about two years. It was like parting with my only friend, for I had no near relatives to sympathize in my troubles or that could fill the place of him that was about to leave me. How well do I recollect the day he left. I stood in the door with his kiss upon my brow and the tears streaming down my face. It seemed as though the sun almost ceased to shine, but I shall pass over the long weary days that followed.

One year and a half passed away, and I lived on the letters of my only friend. He liked the country, enjoyed the freedom of the prairies, and only wished for me to be comparatively happy. Oh how my heart yearned for someone to learn on, someone to love. I took a small school, thinking to divert my mind, but he returned sooner than was expected and I gave up my school and began my preparations for the journey west.

I cannot describe the varied emotions of my heart at this time. My love for native country, the grand old mountains, beautiful woods and my kindred made me feel sad at the thought of leaving them. Then the excitement and the novelty of the journey out west, together with my desire for the faithful and manly heart that was henceforth to be my own, made me wish to go. But many and bitter were the tears I shed.

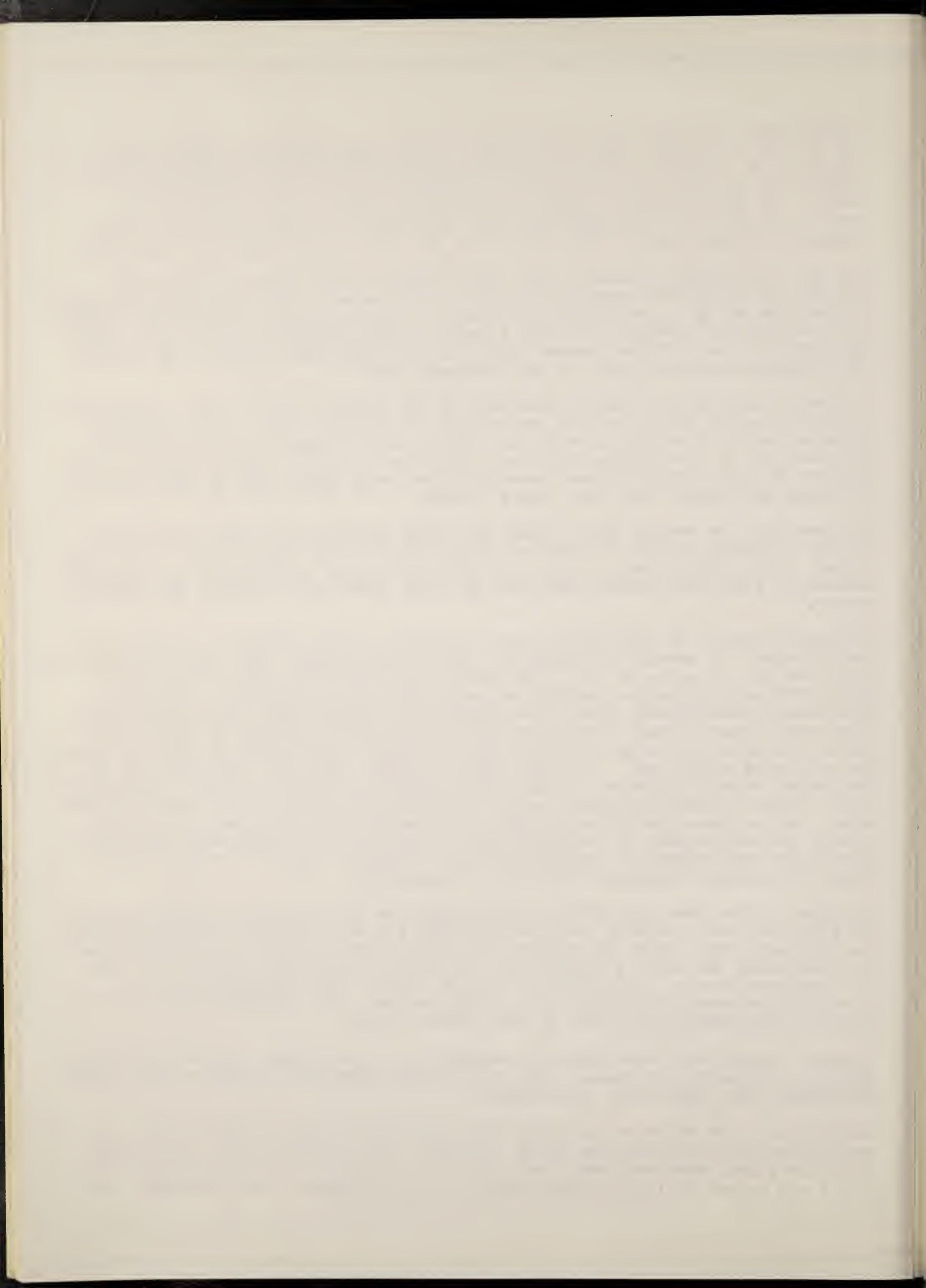
At last all was ready, and a party of about twenty of us went away to a little village, and in the parlor of the inn I stood trembling, a blushing bride. (July 15th 1850) It was a beautiful, bright sunshiny day, and peace seemed to fold her downey wing over my poor heart as I uttered the solemn words.

In three weeks from that day we bid farewell to our friends, native hills and started. It seemed as though my heart would break, and t'was then I realized the blessing of his love when, with brimming eyes, he tried to quell his own sorrow to comfort me. We crossed Lake Champlain and took the Canal through York State. The scenery was beautiful, but my eyes were constantly overflowing with tears, and I was more inclined to lie in my berth and give way to my feelings than anything else. Love of home is strongly developed within me. I see now that I should not have given way to my feelings, especially when Aldrick was within hearing. His stout heart must have almost failed him when, instead of having a helpmate, he had a hindrance, but he made due allowance for my homesickness and hoped for better things in the future. We reached Ohio at last after a long weary time and proceeded from there to Chicago in teams where we finally arrived. On we went a few miles further, and there we squatted.

Chicago in the year of 1856 was undergoing its last months of boom times. In 1857 the bubble burst, and the severest period of depression set in, and the wildest land craze the country had ever seen was over. The population had increased to 4170, a free ferry had been established across the river at Dearborn Street, the corporate limits of the city embraced all the territory between 22nd street and North Avenue, and extended west from the lake to Wood Street, an area of ten square miles.

Aldrick worked the farm while the weather was seasonable, and in the winter took up the making of shoes. Jane lived with Heman and Rachel at the Point. Continuing her narrative, she wrote:

In the next few years we squatted and re-squatted and squatted again. I was very homesick, but the love of my faithful husband kept me up, and by the time our first babe was born (December 18th 1857) I had become quite reconciled and began to look on the far-spreading prairies with pleasure, and I



see beauty in everything. Our babe was rather small and feeble, but it grew stronger daily, and to our fond eyes never a baby looked so pretty. It had very dark eyes and hair, and we named it Martha. It was our first-born and always held the warmest place in our hearts.

Socially, the City was stagnant. For three years after its incorporation there was little of either growth or civic development. The census of 1840 showed an increase of only 500 from the year 1837. In Vermont, the Hawley relations waited for news from the far west, and on April 22nd 1838 Heman Hawley Sr. received the following letter from his sister Sally (Seymour). It was addressed to Mr. H. Hawley, Chicago, Cook County, Illinois, and was received twenty-three days after the date of sending.

"Brother Heman: I once more have the privilege of writing to you with sincere affection, and have heartfelt desire to hear from you respecting your health and situation in life, and the rest of your family and Josephus (Hawley).

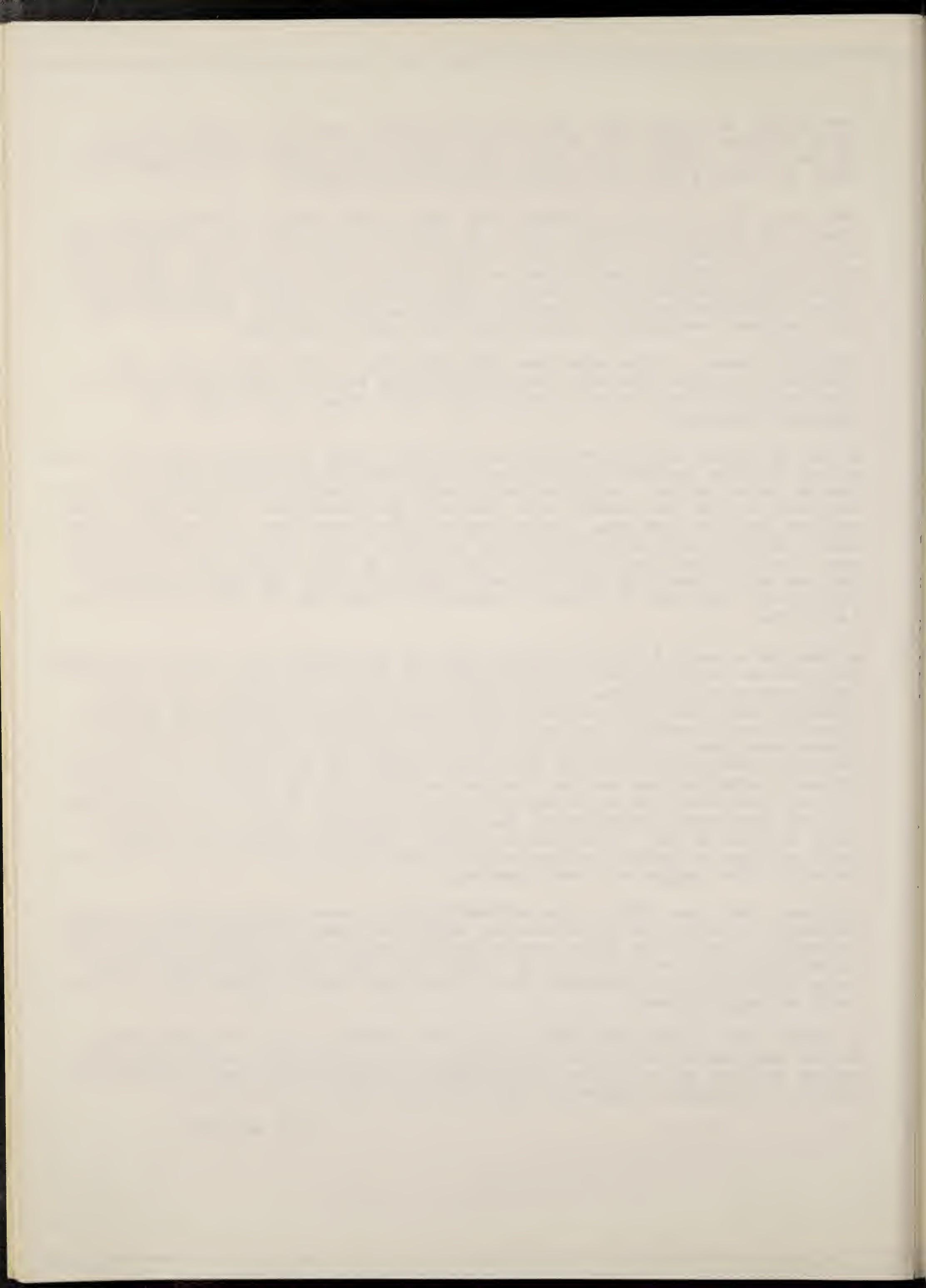
I and my family and the rest of our friends enjoy a common degree of health except brother Aaron's wife (Mercy - she died the following year) her health is no better. He wished me to write, he sends his love and family's respects to you and Rachel, and wishes to be remembered to you all, feels anxious to hear from you, wishes you to write soon. Mrs. Jerusha Fletcher (not related) is thought to be in a decline; we see that we are all going one after another the way of all the earth. We have faint hope of seeing you and our friends in the west once more, but time and opportunity is uncertain, therefore be wise. My anxiety for you and to see you and yours is great.

I have no essential news to write. The war in Canada has ceased at present. Our friends there are well but divided in sentiment. Amos Hawley and Lynd Smith are warm royalists. Peter Hawley is on the other side; he is for Liberty. (The war referred to is the almost forgotten rebellion in Lower Canada. The Vermonters supposed that the Canadians were struggling to free themselves from tyranny and oppression as their own fathers had in the American Revolution. Perhaps they were right, but the Governor of Vermont issued a proclamation warning the people of his state against the peril of violating the laws of neutrality, and when the insurgents escaped into Vermont they were dispersed by the Vermont militia. Thus ended Canada's only Patriot's war which had so greatly stirred Vermont and caused both meetings of public indignation and the forming of volunteer companies to assist the people of Lower Canada.)

You must tell Lucy that Aaron Holabut's wife is dead and he is now married to Lucy Comstock - Oscar Holabut to Delia Piersons. Garry Burritt's family is well. He sold that place at the Falls a year ago. I and my family join in sending our love and respects to you and your wife and family. Write soon, and all the particulars respecting your health and how you are doing. We like long letters.

I should like to see you all...it is much easier to talk than to write. Excuse the imperfections in my writing - it is in haste. I have an opportunity to send by Mr. Blood, Edwin Pierce and Lee Tracy who are going to start for Illinois tomorrow. This from your friend and sister,

Sally Seymour



SILIGUS.

STATE SAW MILLS, from the best
and most experienced lumbermen,
offer the following, and as ever
before, at the lowest rates, which will be
dispositioned favorable terms. The pub-
lic are invited to call and examine for
themselves.

White Oak Spars, of the best quality,
for sale by the foot or thousand. Also,
first rate seasoned half-inch Basswood
Boards.

N. B. All persons whose notes or ac-
counts are now due, or to be due on the first
of January next, are expected and will be
required to make prompt payment.

JOHN R. GRAY.

Burlington, Dec. 14, 1838.

In the summer of 1838 hunters were still
finding deer in the vicinity of Halsted and
Adams. A 400 pound deer had been killed at
La Salle and Adams a few years before. Like
others, the Kowleys were having their troub-
and struggling against the odds of little
cash and meager possessions. Jane continues
her story.... nearly three years passed and
another daughter was added to our household.
(October 8, 1840) This one we called Ada, as
she sees, with dark brown eyes and hair.

Lucy, Aldrick's sister, was having troubles of another kind with the Brewsters. When Oscar Brewster, engaged in the lumber business, married Lucy Kowley it was evident that his greatness of heart and democratic principles were partially responsible. It is doubtful if any Brewsters, elder or otherwise, could be completely unaware of the spiritual and social level enjoyed by that highly esteemed clan, the vaunted standard bearers of America's first family. Oscar was all Brewster, no doubt a good man, a righteous man and in his own mind honest to himself and all others. Things are not always what they seem, but it seemed to Lucy and to the other Kowleys that Oscar had no intention of joining the family. It appeared that in his wife-training program was the vital fundamental that relatives, particularly those named Kowley, must not be allowed to clutter up the house. He did his best to convince Lucy



that marrying her was a sufficient favor to bestow upon the Rowley family. There was much that Oscar could have done for his wife's relations had he been so inclined. After the issue had nearly alienated his wife's relations he made the effort to be sociable with his brother-in-law, Aldrick, but the treaty of peace came too late to allay the hurt Rowley feelings. If anyone was out of step it was Oscar, for in the late thirties the lot of the settlers was a common one. It is probable that at the first evidence of Brewster supremacy the Rowleys held a war council and agreed that the Cabots, Lodges and Brewsters could take their high falutin' ideas and go plumb to hell.

Thus attitudes on both sides solved nothing and was bitter medicine for Lucy. Homesick for both Vermont and her family, she did her best to be a Brewster, and finally died the best Brewster of them all. Settled on the Fox River not more than a day's wagon drive from Leavenworth and the Rowleys, it might well have been the distance to the next planet. Seven years after her marriage in the earliest letter still in existence and dated May 12th 1841 at 'Silver Steamlet', Lucy wrote to her sister-in-law:

Sister Jane: Father B's father has died quite suddenly. V (:) is appointed administrator, so he is going east to do the business, starts tomorrow. Oscar takes him to Chicago. I would go with him, but he must return on Saturday or the next Sunday, so you see he will not have time to take me home. I have concluded to send a letter in place of myself. Want you to write me a long letter in answer. Tell me what you are all doing, what you think and feel, if you have heard from Heman, where Janes is, has Aldrick made his hop field, do you make much butter, what it brings..... Above all, how is mother's health, how does she feel? How is father, has he got a room yet? All about William and Lucy... Little Martha, does she want to see her Aunt Lucy? Likes her for me, little Ada too. Well, you'll think I'll never get done asking questions, but oh Jane, if you knew how my heart bleeds for all and how solicitous I am for your welfare, you would not wonder at my interrogations.

Yes Jane, I look out of my east chamber window on a prospect that is truly pleasing. It makes me almost enthusiastic for a moment, but alas, those delightful feelings give way to sadness when I think of home and my own dear mother. Oh my mother, what will become of her. Better that she and I long ere had been put under the sod. I have no will of my own, am a dependent creature. So much for poor girls that marry out of their fortune. I feel very much like Leoizel, Lord William's lady, though Oscar is everything to me. All are kind and everything I could wish, and I feel sometimes that my lot is cast among pleasant places, and that I have more than I deserve. While I have plenty of everything, I feel for the wants of my kinfolks, but nothing but labor and industry can bring fortune to them. Surely if a family is industrious it is the Brewster family. I am sure that if everyone would work as they do they would not be poor. Perseverence and industry will do almost everything.

Mr. and Mrs. Brewster and Joanna went down the river on Tuesday and were gone one night. So I had the pleasure of keeping house, wished you were with me. Nope when I get to keeping house you



and Aldrick will come and see me, and mother too. The new house is close, only a few rods from this, so near I shall be under their constant eye, though they will be a great deal of company, Joanna especially who is a dear good girl. Oscar is a grave fellow, more company for himself than anyone else. His father is the best man I ever saw, always so kind and pleasant; no woman could be anything but good with such a man. He has made me a clover bed and planted me a woodbine. Oh that every husband and father were like him; there would not be so many bad women. Write me soon, very soon. Shall fill the next page for mother. Must go down and help get tea. Tell me if you have heard anything from Vermont..... Lucy.

(inclosed) Dear mother: You cannot think how much I want to see you. I find there is no one like a dear mother. I think of you every day of my life. You said my affection would abate, but I tell you nay, it never will. Hope to go home soon. Oh that I lived so near I could go home without troubling Oscar. I know I shall never take any pleasure visiting my relations with him. This pains me, oh how it pains me. Oh mother, dear mother... well, will not say anymore.

Those stockings.... I expect you had not yarn enough of the blue to finish; if not you can take some of the white to toe them out provided you have enough. I wish you would finish them soon. Do them up in a paper, write my name on them, and put them in the mail so they will come to me. I am going to make a rag carpet; have washed the wool. Mother Brewster is going to give me the rags and show me how to make it. Have written to Uncle Burritt. Attended a Methodist meeting at our school house last Sunday. Brother Beles preached; quite a smart man. His lady teaches at Elgin - the same old fashioned way of preaching, not like the Methodist. I assure you I wish you would write a few words to me in Jane's letter. It would do me good. Goodnight..... Lucy.

It is difficult, in all fairness, to explain Oscar's attitude toward his Rowley relations. I do not doubt that he regretted the situation more deeply than anyone else, for he was socially minded, industrious and actually possessed of many fine traits of character. Regardless of the accidental fact that he was a Brewster, he was a man of education and above average background in culture and appreciation of the more civilized aspects of life. He had improved his mind through study and constant reading until he had little in common, conversationally, with the inconsequentialities of the majority of men with whom he was surrounded. Also, in the matter of physical accomplishment he drove himself unmercifully. The Rowleys, on the other hand, although just as old a family and possessing just as many historical laurels, had for generations lived on the fringe of civilization, occupying themselves with farming and kindred pursuits. There is nothing wrong with this way of life, but it is another way of life entirely than that of the merchant and city-bred man. In the fringe areas where they lived there were few examples of second generation wealth bent on the acquisition of culture with whom they might compare ways of life. The leveling influence of frontier existence, a nearly constant state of war for three hundred years, the impossibility of culture under such conditions, and the measure of a man by his physical prowess and the extent of his land, had caused Americans exposed to these situations to be perfectly content in the realm of self-respect. The sudden shock of finding that there were at least two major fields of thought, conversation, tastes and ideals, and that the two didn't mix well, could naturally produce only strained relationships and bad feeling when the two sides clashed. Oscar and the Rowleys very simply had nothing in common except geographical location and the accident of his marriage to Lucy.



No doubt Oscar Brewster fully realized the source of the ill-feeling that existed between him and the Howleys. Had the Howleys not also sensed the real problem, whether they voiced it or not, the bitterness which they felt would have been less intense. Yet as the years went by, I believe that Oscar discovered that to a greater extent than he had at first realized, class can only truly exist against its own background. Life in Chicago society was, as always on a frontier, leveling, and Oscar must have seen that he had more in common with the Howleys than either they, or he, had expected, hence the conciliatory tone of the following:

Brother Aldrick: I resolved while on our return from your place to do my part, as one of a separated family, anxious for each other's welfare, to do my part, I say, to inform you of our well or ill-fare at least once or twice a month. It looks, and in reality it is, so innocent and careless to be in total ignorance of the situation of those we pretend to love, for months together. How can we sympathize with each other if we know nothing of the joys or sorrows that either may be enjoying or suffering. This meeting once or twice a year is a matter of duty or curiosity is a poor affair I say. Let's show a little more concern and a little more industry.

Ten days have now passed since we left you in health. Ours has been good since Josy has had a touch of the ague, and now we are all well. Had no difficulty in finding the track you recommended, and no doubt saved two hours time and two pounds of horse flesh. Called a moment at Hawley's, took dinner at Colonel Hoyt's, and was home in good time. There has been but little rain here, and we have had but very little since, so we guess that in the absence of any intelligence, that you are busy getting up early and at home late each evening trying to get the barn covered and all things prepared for winter. How queer it would seem to get everything all done up - once, wouldn't it? Well, last week I sowed some buckwheat. The railroad is THE topic with us now. We have sanguine hopes now that we shall have the cars running from Chicago to Fox River next fall. Then we shall be as near Chicago as you for all market purposes, but, but...you know.... Well, Lucy says let's go to bed; tis nine o'clock, so here stops until past eight tomorrow evening.

Here goes again on Wednesday evening. The reason who I do not write so round and beautiful a hand tonight is that I cut my forefinger with the sharp end of a slab today, but as we expect Charles to start for town in the morning, shall take the opportunity and send this, which I had intended to nurse for a week at least and see if it would not, by feeding it a little each night, grow at least to the size of a real family letter.

We have been expecting Aunt Hester with Hemm and Jane these past pleasant days. Lucy expects Jane to make a visitation with us. Have they been out and returned in consequence of the pressing demands of Hemm's business? When you write, please tell us of the little motherless Everett children, Mrs. Pierson's health, about what time we may begin to expect Hemm out to the hill, as then it is - if we understand the plans - that mother will come. But Lucy is not so lonesome now. Those brass andirons give her comfort at least at the rate of 25 $\frac{1}{2}$ per annum on the investment. Now if we can get the green window shutters our happiness is secure. For life, did I say? No, no. If all the luxuries of a prince, the wealth of a nabob, or even the splendor of Cleopatra's court surrounded us, we should probably have as many and as urgent needs as now, for unto him that hath shall be given, and that seems to me wise and kind, for the more a man has, the more he wants. If he has learning, he wants more. If he has riches, he wants more. If he has many friends, he wants more. If he has power, he wants more. If he has eleven children, he wants one more to make the dozen.



Well, nine has come again, and we must rest our bones so we can work them again tomorrow. Poor flesh and blood; how covetousness and pride and ambition does torment it, so after all I should think the prison house would be as glad as the prisoner to dissolve partnership. Oh well, soon we sleep the long sleep, and what that morning shall be, who can tell, and who could understand if t'was told. All we know is this, that.

Dust thou art, and dust returnest
Was not spoken of the soul.
Let us then be up and doing

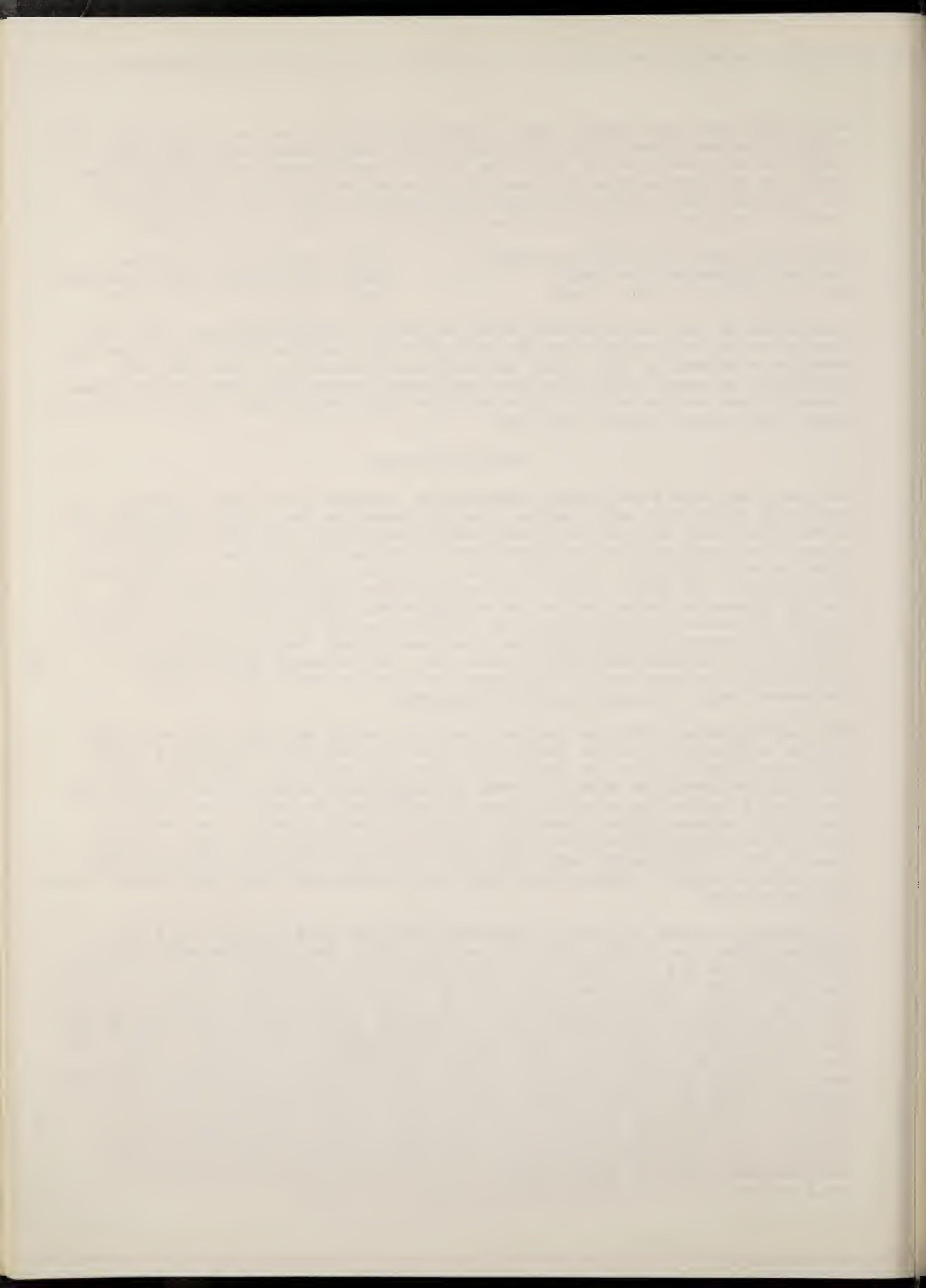
With a heart for any fate
Still achieving, still pursuing
Learn to labor and to wait.

Now Aldrick, you and Jane may write or not. I shall continue after the manner of Galls dealing with us to shower my precious blessings upon you, whether requited or not. Send yours by mail and we get them sure and straight. We shall wish this send you some papers and also two for Susan Everett, and as you may get this via the Sheldon office, see that she gets hers, and oblige, Oscar and Lucy.

In the year 1843 Jane Rowley returned to Vermont for a visit taking with her three year old Adeline. In her memories she wrote. When she was three years old we made our first visit home. Oh, how glad the people were to see us, and the children were received with joy and petted to their hearts content, but after all I was glad when we had arrived back at Illinois. We took a great deal of pleasure in walking around and making plans. We were, as we had anticipated, all in sil to each other. I felt lonesome and bad when he was away; wanted him always near me. My whole happiness depended on him. The country was fast becoming settled and we were acquainted with a great many and attended many parties... To Clark Rufus Sandford in Shelburn, Jane wrote in a letter dated December 1844, and postmarked at Gazenovia.

My dear friends. After so long a time I am ready to write to you. The reason I have not written before is that we have been building a house, and have lived in our old house with the old folks all together until the 20th of November when we moved by ourselves. While we were there all together I had no opportunity (nor disposition) to write, and this is the first leisure time I have had since we moved. When we arrived in Chicago we found rents were high - double what they were when we left, and it was very sickly among children, and upon the whole concluded it was best to build a house this fall, as it could be done much cheaper than in the spring.

The house is small but very convenient for the size it is - 21 x 24, divided into five rooms, kitchen, square room, two bedrooms and butry. The rooms are all as large as I want except the kitchen which is too small, but if we live fifteen or twenty years intend to put up an addition and make it larger. Two carpenters took the job to put up the house and finish it all off except the lathing and plastering for \$45.00. Paid them \$29.00 in cloth, and the rest in boots and shoes. Aldrick made seven dollars on the cloth he let them have. The lumber cost \$60.00, the nails, givens, sash and door trimmings \$17.00. We have got the kitchen, bedroom and butry bricked up on the inside. Could not have it plastered this fall. The brick and putting it in and some other extra work cost \$10.00 more. Aldrick has the whole house paid for except three dollars towards the bricks. You will think I am very particular to write the whole, but I have nothing else to write about, only our own personal affairs, so I will write just as I would tell it could I see you.



~~16 pieces~~ 16 pieces 3' x 7' 12 feet long.

36 pieces 2' x 4' - 18 feet long.

Rafter 18 pieces 17 feet long
2' x 4' 1/4

~~Flooring~~ Flooring 650 -

Siding 1200 feet

10 pieces 2' x 4' Perfectly

Lookboards 14' x 9' feet

875 feet 4' feet long

The remainder 12' feet

500 feet Upper floor

44000 ft angles

Chimney 15 ft 13 ft 12 ft

Notations of lumber for house which Alarick built in fall of 1844.....

We have had a very dry, pleasant fall; scarcely any rain at all until the last few weeks when it has hailed and rained until it is all mud up to a fellow's knee. bones, I have to put on Alarick's boots every time I go to milk.

Aldrick stayed out here and put up hay until the 19th of August when he went to Chicago to work and has been there ever since. John Pierson had sold his land when we got back for a little less than what he gave for it, but got all cash which he has paid out for property that is worth a great deal more than the property he let go for it. The same things are so much cheaper now than then - has bought ten acres of timber \$10.00 per acre - paid fifty dollars down and the other fifty a year from next February. Bought a good pair of horses for \$60.00. One he bought at auction and the other from his brother James. A good second-hand wagon for \$30.00 and harness for \$10.00. One half wood pays for the wagon and harness. He bought one cow of his brother William for ten dollars cash. Bought two five year old cows in Chicago for seven dollars each, pay in wood and hay. Got one cow and calf that we left here. Well, I think I have told you enough about matters and things to change the subject.

Dec. 8th: Thank fortune the mud is all frozen up, but no snow yet. As soon as it comes good sleighing. We intend to go to the Fox River; have not been there since we returned. Have not seen Lucy yet as we have been so much engaged in business have had no time to visit. Have not visited a neighbor since my return except Lura and Julia.

Aldrick saw Seymour Tomlinson the 1st of November in Chicago. He came in to shop where he was at work and was in a great hurry, and had so many enquiries to make about the folks that Aldrick did not have time to enquire after his family. Lewis Sanford called at the shop as he was returning east; he had been out west to see his folks and I believe he was much pleased with the country.

Now I will begin and give you a little history of our journey (back from Vermont). I will not pain you with an attempt to describe my feelings when the boat left the wharf; will only say that had it not been for my children I would have felt as if I had nothing in this world for which to live.



I watched the shore a few minutes, then went in the cabin where I was obliged to go to bed as soon as possible as the jar of the boat made me so sick. We were in Whitehall Friday morning where we went aboard a canal boat that was going rough to Buffalo; had to wait till Friday about noon before we started. Did not go down to Albany as it was going to make a great deal of extra trouble.

We should have had a good time had it not been for one family - real John Mosiers - five dirty children, one of them taken sick the day after we started with scarlet fever. I was afraid my children would take it, so we stayed on top of the boat and broiled in the sun daytimes, and slept in the dining room, but we had some pleasant company and enjoyed ourselves well most of the time.

We arrived in Buffalo the next Saturday afternoon and found the folks all well. Lomena seemed very friendly and sociable, but I did not have half as good a visit as when I went down. The girls were wrapped up in their own flirtations. Mother was up to her elbows in work all the time. They had seven boarders and father was running to and fro. He had sold his house for a horse and buggy. They were paying eight dollars a month house rent. He treated his horse off for a shop while we were there. (The father and mother Jane refers to are her father Israel and her stepmother Elizabeth (Peirce)

We stayed till Tuesday night when we went aboard the propeller Sampson, and arrived in Chicago the next Tuesday morning just at daybreak. Should have been there Sunday night if we had made good time, but we had head wind most of the way. It was quite rough one day on Lake Huron, and one day on Lake Michigan it was very rough. We were between Manitou Islands and Milwaukee, the wind blew from the south and drove us off towards Green Bay fifty miles off our course. The passengers were all very sick and said they would just as soon go to the bottom: is not. I was very sick too, but not enough to want to go to the bottom of the lake. Adeline was very sick on the boat; we thought she had scarlet fever at the time, but do not know. Her mouth was so sore she could hardly talk for some days after we got here.

We found the folks all well, and plodding on in the same old way. It cost us the enormous sum of \$25.50 just for our passage here from



vermont. \$2.50 on Lake Champlain, myself ate the officeren cabin passage from whitehall to buffalo. \$10.00, and \$11.00 from Buffalo to Chicago. we boarded ourselves all the way, and it cost nothing to bring the old chest. I saved me enough by boarding myself to buy a piece of cotton and a fine bible. I bought 18 yards of bed ticking in Buffalo with the money uncle J. gave me for which I thank him with all my heart. I could have got it just as cheap in Chicago, but I did not know until I got there.

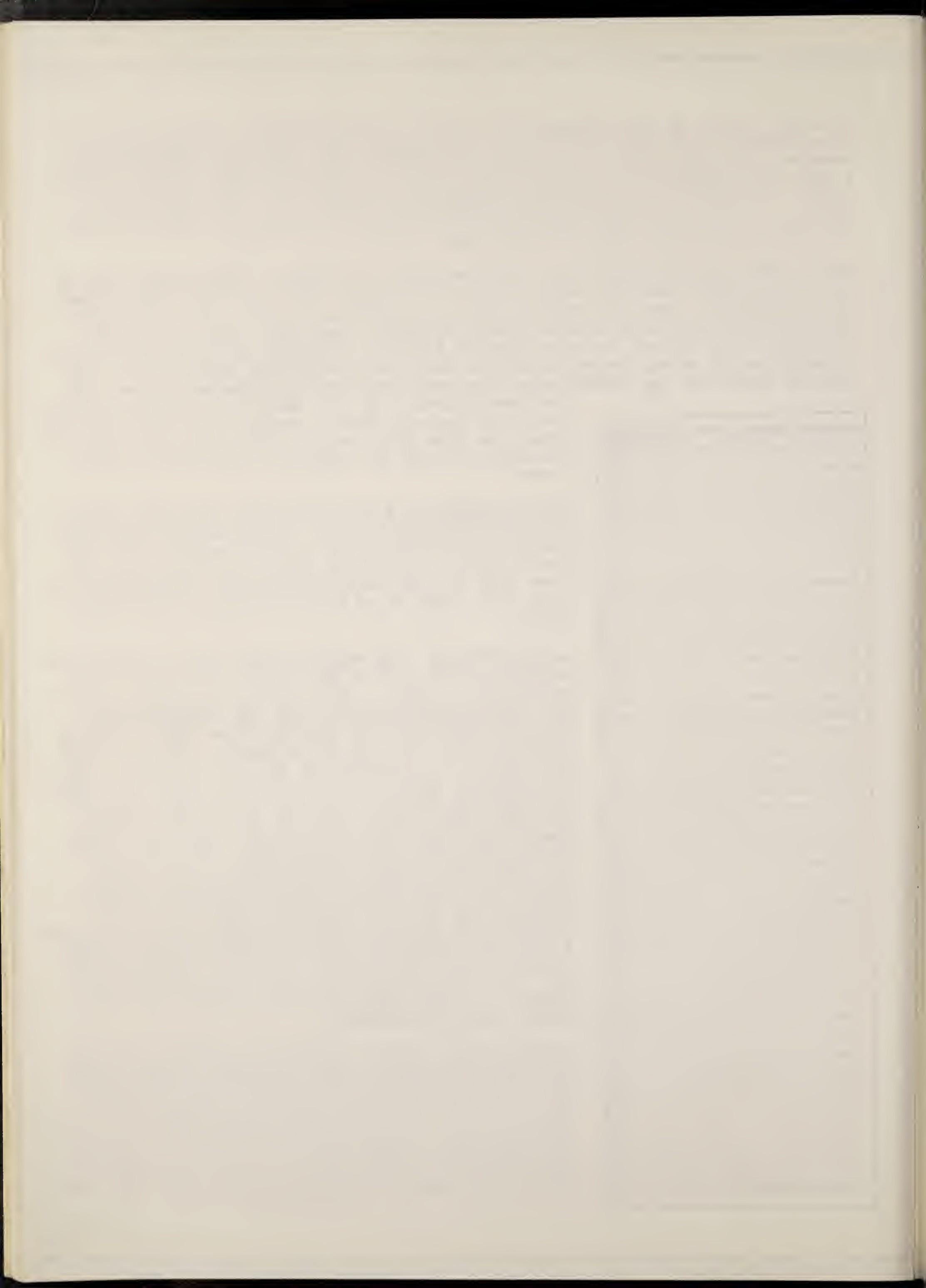
Tell Andrew he need not climb the mountains for gum to bring here, because Aldrick has supplied the city so they will never want any more. He did not offer any of it for sale until he got to Buffalo, and they were such fools they did not know what it was. They had never seen any, so they did not sell any of it there, instead brought it on to Chicago. Someone had brought a bushel of it a day or so before so they had plenty. He sold five or six dollars worth to the apothecary; the rest he left at a grocery to be sold on commission. I do not know what he got a pound for what he sold, but I do not think his gum will make him rich this trip. Tell Andrew to save his strength to dig the prairie with when he gets here.

Chestnut. Still on comes winter in her pride. Drooping head, no color, bare of the Chestnut, now almost gone to the earth, and the cold, untempering brook and snow, and the blast of Winter. The old trees stand, gray spectres in the gloom of day, silent, still, and dead. Summer time live well, and they were our friends then, and now, the blossoms of the Chestnut was indeed a sight to the eye, and a gift to the hand, and a comfort in beauty to their shade, and their perfume around the grave. The gentle showers of summer had nursed the young wood tree more intently than the cold, blustery breeze of spring or the sunny south wind of June played but lightly and easily around their resting place. The willow too as it bent its graceful boughs in beauty there and overshadowed the tomb of the sleeper seemed mourning for the departed. Alas how changed he who is buried. The flowers are dead now, and is the perfume of their white musk no more. Withered or dead the sedges and grasses, and the jewel-like eyes of the Nasturtiums still firmly fixed upon its mighty brows the last of the Sycamore. Broken and torn, falls the old oak, the dying branch of the willow, and now it is now the glass green vine, and the emblem of the Nasturtiums, and the late autumn flowers, and the withered frosty leaves, and the snow. For the first time since the last frost in the blustery winter, the winter that went away in the snow, I am alone. I am still here, and very lonely, but I hope to be more forever.

The Judsons are highly pleased with the country. The old man says he was a fool not to have come here twenty years ago, and I am sure I wish he had; says he would not give five acres of land here for all his brothers own in Huntington, but I do not think he will make himself rich this year.

I suppose you will want to know how I feel in my mind now that I have got back...feel just as I expected I would. I can see and feel more keenly the difference between warm and sympathizing friends and cold and selfish ones, but I am not going to let it make me unhappy. I do not doubt but that it is better for us to be here on some accounts. I know Aldrick can do better here than he could there, but I could never enjoy myself as much here unless some of my friends should come, and that I do not expect, nor can I wish it unless they could leave vermont with less regret than I did. I shall hope to see Uncle Clark and Aunt Clara a year from next summer. I shall be so rejoiced to see them that I can hardly wait for the time to come. It will be such a pleasant journey and so good for their health. I have been very healthy since my return; have not been sick scarcely a day, nor the children either. I have grown fleshy, as much as I was when I got to vermont.

Aldrick has earned a hundred and three dollars besides his board, which was \$1.75 a week, from the 1st of August up to the 1st of December, and has lost one day a week on average, so he has worked about three months. He has got a man fire by the month - pays him ten dollars. He goes to Chicago two or three times a week with wood when it is good going and chops the rest of the time.



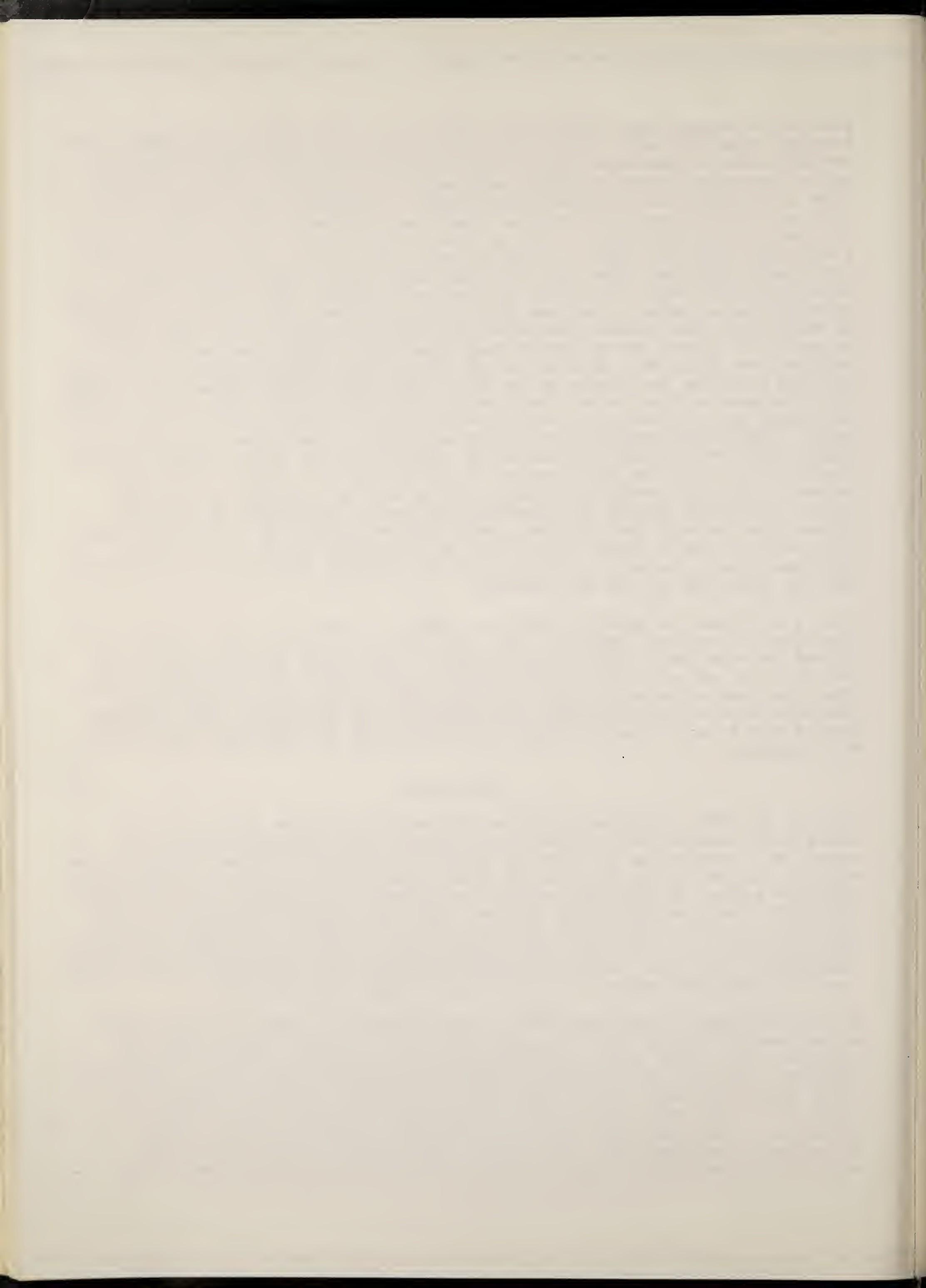
Aldrick is coming home to stay as soon as it comes good sleighing, to go teaming himself, but I do not see much prospect of sleighing as it is now the 22nd of December and no snow yet except little flurries that go off a few hours after it falls. We commenced foudering the cattle the last of October. It is three weeks since I commenced this letter and it is time it was drawn to a close. I have not written half of what I wanted when I began to write. I am as full as old Uncle Charlesupell was, I know not where to stop. I want to write to Mariette and Mary, but have not room; they must take part of this. Next time I will write them a sentimental letter, for I have no room in this for sentiment. I want you to write me as soon as you get this. Do not delay, for I am very anxious to hear from you. Alonzo, Mariette and Mary, I shall lay all the blame on you if I do not get a letter very soon, for I know the rest of the rest of the folks will depend on you to do the writing. If you will write as long a letter as I have it is all I ask. Tell me if Cornelia is coming to Milwaukee in the spring. Tell me all the marriages, births and deaths, and about the weather. I want to know if Ralph's folks talk about coming west. I should be rejoiced on my own account to have them come, but I would not have Romilla leave Charity and Elisa, nor leave Vermont if she loves it as I do, for if I had not a friend there I should still love Vermont with its evergreen hills, pure sparkling streams, delightful vales, beautiful fields and groves, and such a variety of objects to please the eye and imagination. Here I have nothing to look at but the flat prairie and a couple of old oak trees. Don't think I am getting homesick, for I am not. I have got to the jumping off place so must stop. Give my respects to all my friends.

P.S. I want you to send me papers as often as you can. I have received five from you. We are not going to take the Chicago Journal much longer, but intend to take the 'Gem of the Prairie', and I will send papers to you as often as you send them to me. Direct your letters to Greenovia. Mary, when you look out your east window, then think of me. The next time I visit Vermont I am going to the top of it. The children talk a great deal about Vermont, and often wish we had never come back to Illinois.



Chicago in 1845...Clapboard houses set on posts driven into the mud; bumpy dirt streets that normal rains turned into quagmires often for weeks at a stretch in the spring; plank sidewalks for a few blocks on the busiest streets; cows tied in the backyards within a block of 'downtown'; no water works, no lighting system, no sewerage disposal....The business district stretched for three blocks along Lake Street west from Abash. The city's first church bell was hung on the Unitarian church, and the voice of the press used its first steam power press in the office of the Democrat. The first permanent school building was completed in the spring. Dogs had been prohibited from running at large in the city.

At Little Woods on the Fox River, Lucy Brewster prepared for the birth of her second child, and gave every evidence of being bogged down in despair. That there were no extenuating circumstances is difficult to believe, but her descriptions of life with Oscar sounded very grim. In later years she told of the instance when Oscar, after an absence of several days in the city, sank wearily into his chair. She, coming softly up behind him, bent over and kissed him on the brow. Lucy," he is reported to have said, "I hope you will never repeat this. She claimed that she never did. As of this date she was 25 and Oscar 29.



Writing to Jane in a letter dated March 2nd 1845, Lucy said:

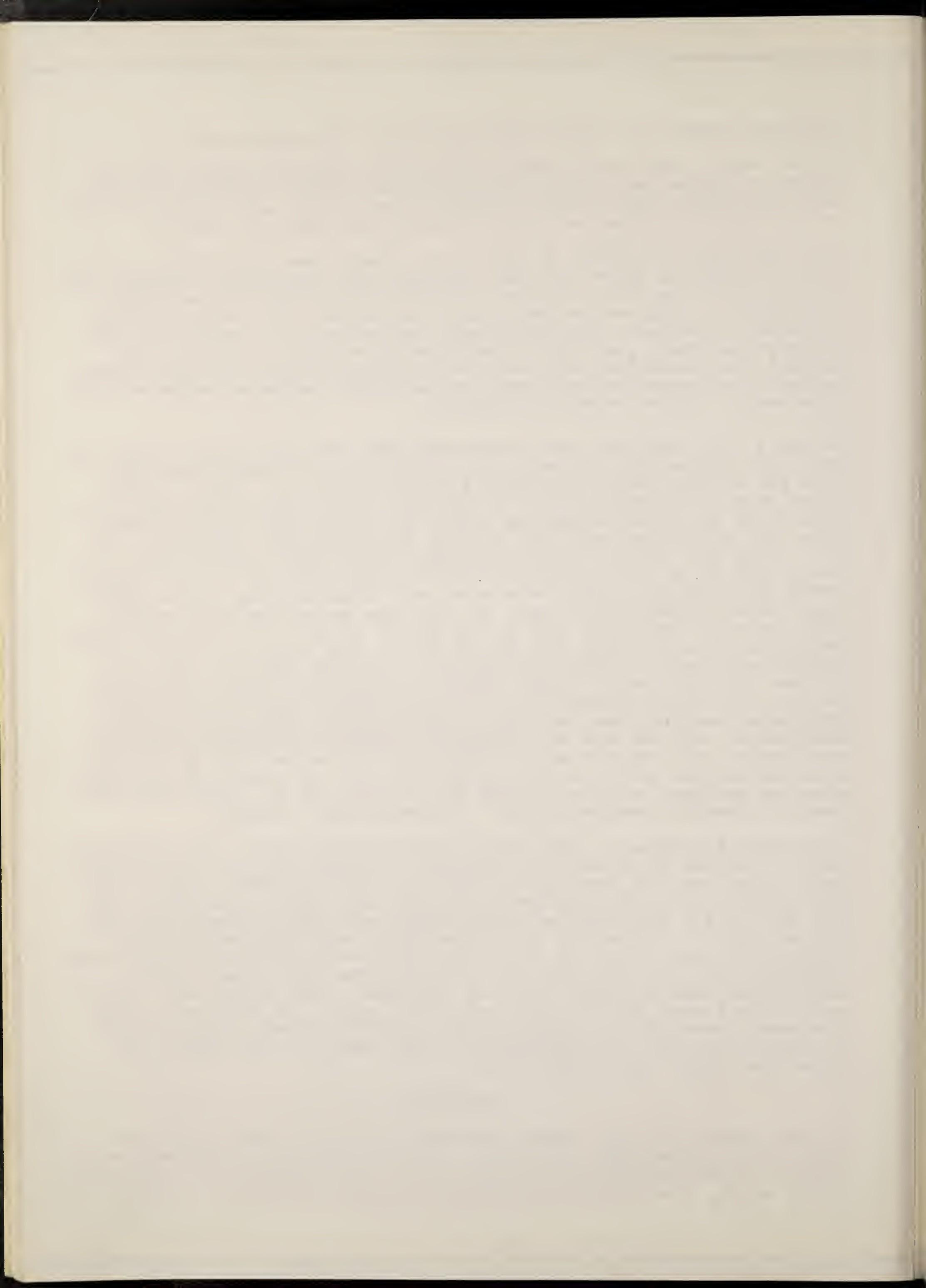
Sister Jane; I must talk some in this little scrap of paper. Can keep silent no longer as I do not bear iron home and the traveling is so bad that you cannot come to see us. Should like to know if Father is better and if brother William is well, how mother is, yourself and all.

You must think me a stick or stump or I should have heard from you before this, but suppose there has been no change and you thought it useless to write. But if you knew how often I looked out toward the Ark Flaines and wished I could see someone there, and how lonely I feel as I sit alone day after day - Jane to school, husband to the sawmill, and Josy my only amusement, you would think of me more often I am sure. Have thought more about you and been more lonely than ever this past winter. Believe I am doomed to isolation, to be forever esconced behind an oak tree until I go to a world of spirits.

Oh how I wish there were one person out here to whom I could unbosom my thoughts and feelings without being ridiculed and misconstrued. You know how a female sometimes needs a female confidant, and one perhaps older than themselves; just so I now feel. How often I wish Mother Rowley could come in a chat awhile. In fact I am getting more homesick than Jane (?); she is the best girl to stay away from home I ever saw. Tell her mother she attends school regularly, stays out but half a day in a week, appears to be a good deal engaged in her studies, writes compositions and talks of writing home soon, and thinks someone of the family might have written before this. She has gone to meeting this evening with Oscar who could not help but go as Mr. W. called to leave his horse before service. He comes very frequently of late since he finds a good stable and plenty of oats. Charles can't bear him nor the rest, so I suppose the wish Oscar had not married a Methodist. They do not claim me as a sister, but appear to like my patronage. Tell mother we have a protracted meeting here, but Mr. W. was too phlegmatic to get up any excitement. Tell her old Mr. Whipple's daughter's husband came for her not long since; took her and the children back to New York in a wagon. Daniel takes his mother in the spring; the old lady felt much afflicted when her daughter left her. Daniel has a family in the house with him - George Griswold's brother-in-law - a nice family I believe.

Tell Heman to write. It will improve him; besides he is under an obligation to perform the task if he considers it such. Do send me a Vermont paper sometimes. You need not be afraid to send one here. Father will not inform against you, besides they never open them. I am pretty well, but Oscar has a lame back so he can hardly get about. Joanna not well. Mother Brewster a lame hip, so we are pretty well crippled up. Mrs. Smith comes every Monday to wash with them, and seems to be quite a convenience. Am glad. Wish there were two or three more Orange County women here, then my burden would be lightened. Tell mother that after I made Oscar's vest I had to make one for C. and A., so the more I know the more I have to do, scripture-like. Do write immediately, and come as soon as you can. What more shall I tell you....I don't know, so I subscribe, Lucy, and remember me.

In the country at large, President Polk had banished dancing in the White House and ordered the Pacific fleet to stand by preparatory to the seizure of San Francisco in the event of a declaration of war by Mexico. All of which, the Rowleys apparently paid scant attention. To Rufus



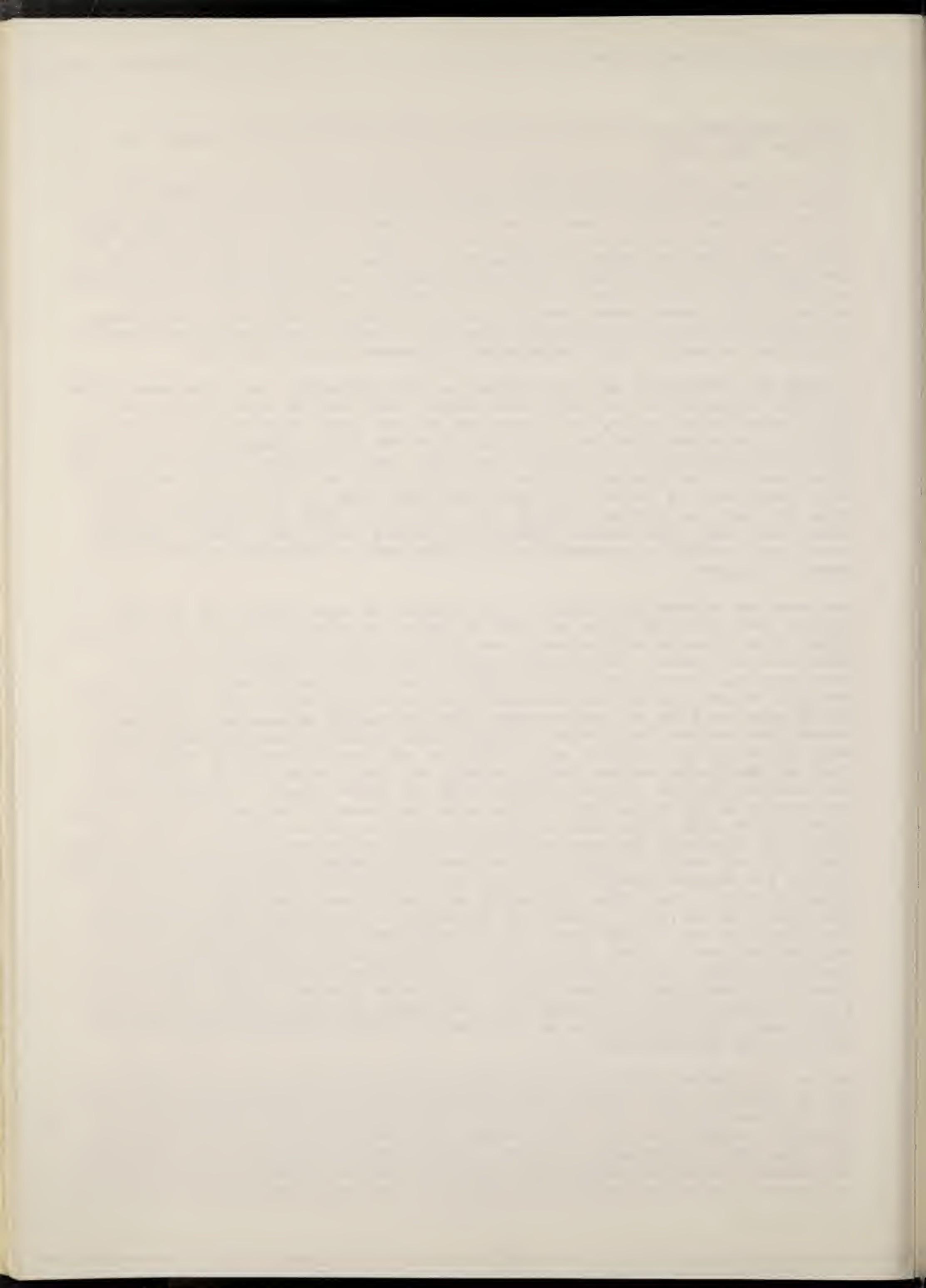
Clark Sandford in Vermont (her uncle) Jane addressed this letter on October 12th 1845:

Dear Uncles, Aunts and Cousins: I have stayed at home on purpose to write to you. Aldrick and the children have gone to meeting, and I am alone. I have waited a long time in hopes of getting a letter from you, but have given it up. Have not heard anything from you since Andrew was here, only when he wrote to Julia he said you were all well and that Lomenda was at their house the week before. I want to know if her mother was with her and all about them. Have not had a letter from Buffalo since I left there. Have sent two to them but have received no answer, so think they do not care much about me. I hear from them occasionally by a hand on one of the steamboats that comes up to Chicago.

I have no particular news to write. We are all well, and have been since we left Vermont. It has been very sickly this season with fevers near the rivers principally, and there are a good many sick now on the other side of the river from us, but there has not been anybody sick just here in our neighborhood. I think we have got the healthiest spot there is in this part of the country. There is such a body of timber between us and the river that we do not get the fine odor from it. Our river at this time of year, or rather a month ago, with its still waters thick with weeds and frog spit would contrast strangely with your clear, foaming, rattling streams in Vermont; but all streams in Illinois are not like ours I suppose.

We have had a very hot summer, the hottest we ever knew, and dry the latter part. Within three or four weeks we have had a good deal of rain. Crops have come in well except some places the potatoes have the rot. Ours are all good. I must tell you how much corn Aldrick has raised this season. He has got 350 bushels of ears of Hoosier corn husked, and has got as near as he can calculate between a hundred and a hundred and fifty more to husk of Yankee corn that he raised on the soil that was broke just before he planted it. The most of it is just as good corn as any raised on old ground, so I think we can have Johnny-cake enough to last us one year. We had forty bushels of wheat which is no great thing to tell of, but as I have nothing else to write about, I want to tell everything I can think of. I have sold two hundred weight of butter this summer from four cows. One of them was farrow, raised three calves and made four cheeses. Suppose you will think I ought to have sold more than that with my small family, but we have had someone else besides ourselves almost the entire summer, and have to eat butter instead of meat. We have got three good hogs fattening and shall have some pork by and by. Got from .09 to .12 $\frac{1}{2}$ a pound for my butter - the whole came to \$22.00. The first cheese I made was a first rate one...the others must be good because you could throw them over a meeting house and they would not break. I think I shall have to take a few more lessons from Aunt Clara when she comes next summer before I can be a cheese maker. There is not a day passes but what I think of something I am going to do when Uncle Clark and Aunt Clara come. We want to get things fixed by that time so they can be comfortable.

We had our house lathed and plastered this fall so it is very warm. We had a school in our chamber this summer. It was out two weeks ago. Paid our teacher \$1.25 a week and boarded her. She had seven scholars. Our district numbers 38. Here they number all under twenty, cabin and all, but some had one excuse and some another for not sending their children to school, so we had only seven scholars, but we shall get public funds enough to very near pay the teacher. She was very excellent. I wish my



could come and stay a year or two and teach our school for us, but suppose that wish is in vain. Martha wants me to tell Helen that she has studied Peter Parley's Geography this summer and that she reads every day now without being driven to it. She is a very good girl to read now. Adeline can read in readings now better than Martha could when we were in Vermont. (Martha was nearly seven and Adeline aged five) When you write tell me what the baby's name is. They are going to build a school house this winter, but we shall not have school again until next summer.

Aaron came here last night on a visit. Tell his father he is well. Says he is not going to write them anymore because they do not answer his letters. Lucy has been very sick with bilious fever, but is well now.

I have forgotten whether I told you in my last letter about my great nursery that I planted. Not one of all the seeds I planted ever came up except about a dozen apple trees and two or three grapes. I have got one of the Benson type of sweet apples, but I have none now. I shall never plant anymore fruit seeds in Illinois.

I want you to write as soon as you get this and tell me all the news. Tell me if George and Cornelia have started for the west. I want them to write to us when they get to Milwaukee. If there is anyone who wants to buy a small cheap place send them on here. There is a place for sale about half a mile from us belonging to Mr. Wood, the New York City man that you often heard me speak of. There are forty acres of land, 15 improved, two thousand rails on the place, small frame house, log stables, sheds and other fixings; quite a number of fruit trees set out, cherry, peach and apple. Price \$200.00. I shall have to stop writing for want of room. I think you will be glad my paper is no larger.

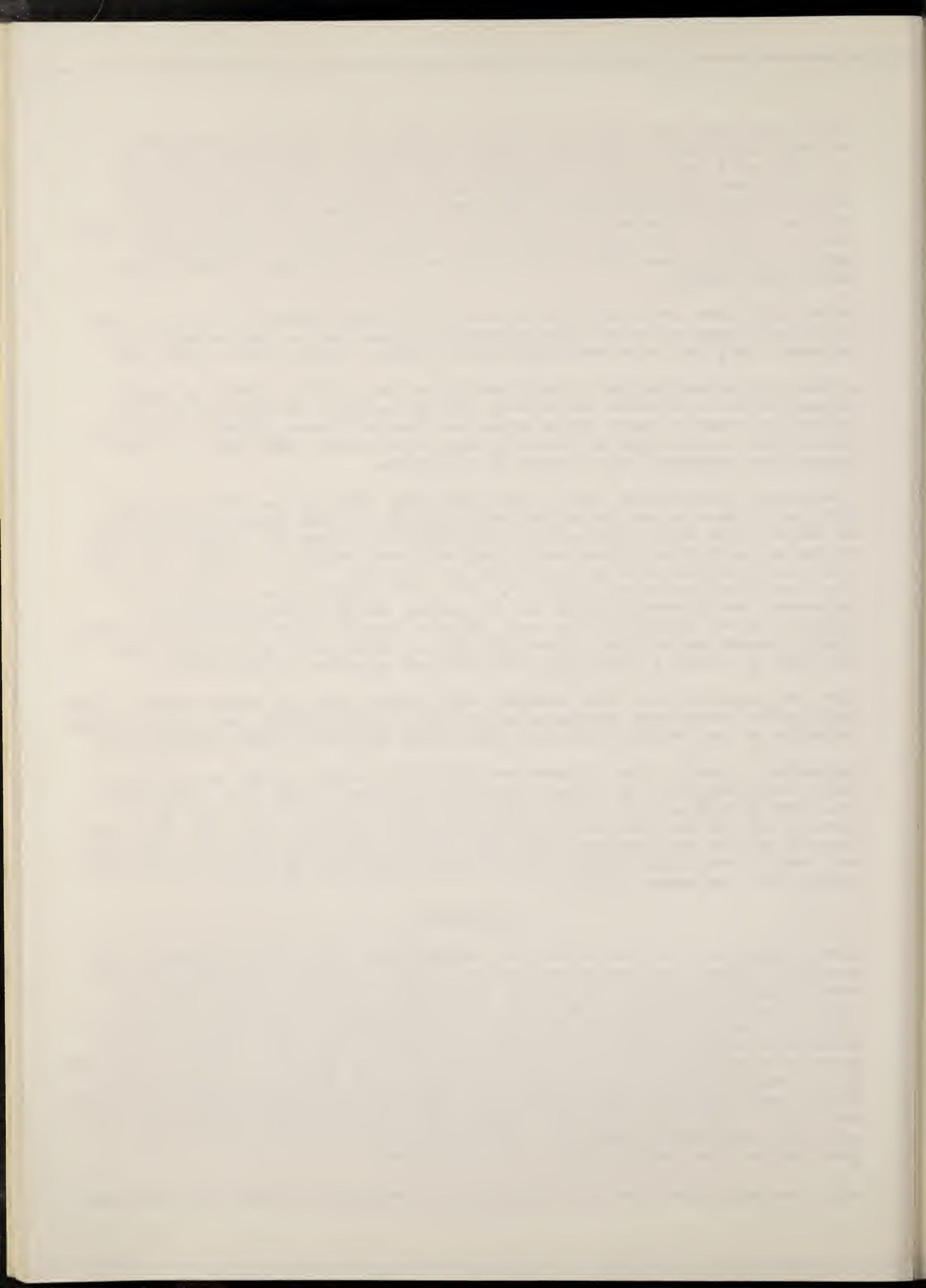
Give my respects to Ralph, Ronilla and Charity and all that enquire after me. Aldrick sends his respects to you all. Tell Ronilla and all the folks to write to me. Postage is cheap and I can afford to have letters now.

Mariette, I would like to have you write the Garden Scene on a bit of paper and send it in a letter. Write it as fine as you can - just so I can find it out is all I ask. When you write tell us what kind of a description Andrew gave of Illinois, for we could not find out what he thought of it. We received two papers from Uncle Chauncey last week and one today. Very glad to get them. Please send them as often as you can. We will do the same. J.P.R.

* * * * *

1846 - Last year of the period of stagnation and the beginning of the revival. Chicago histories record few facts for 1846, the only big news developing in shipping. By act of Congress, Chicago became a port of entry, imports having reached the staggering sum of over two million dollars, and the number of arrivals of steamboats, propellers, brigs and schooners being no less than 1,094. On October 20th the magnetic telegraph was exhibited at the Mechanics Institute. voicing a note of optimism the Chicago Democrat editorialized: "Let people look up and down Lake Street now and count its hundreds of mercantile establishments - let them do this remembering that only twelve years ago the first store was erected, and then make themselves believe that this is not a great city - a great state - a great country - if they can."

Sole communication from the Rowleys came from Lucy to Jane on July 26th:



My Dear Sister Jane: I received your letter last Wednesday which did not reach me until yesterday morning. I thought it hard someone did not come or write, but was glad mother did not get our letter sooner for father should have been worse off than I should. I was quite sick for about a week, but soon recovered after taking a course of medicine, and have been some time getting my strength; am not very strong yet. All the rest are quite well except Bud who is very sick, and Phoebe this morning, owing to a relapse of the bowels. I suppose Aunt Hester feels concerned about Jane (this identifies Jane, she evidently being the daughter of Hester and Henry Judson, and Hester being half-sister to Lucy's mother, Rachel). Mother lets her girl come and stay with us awhile and help Jane wash and iron. I don't think she is quite well; complains of her arms aching. When mother comes I want Aunt Hester (Judson) to come prepared to stay some time, as I think she can leave very well now. As she has such a smart daughter everything will go very well at home, so she must come and teach me to make cheese. I want mother to fetch her little hoop if she is not going to use it. If father doesn't get better, write, and I will go and see him. If he has recovered I do hope mother will come soon. Just think, she has never been here since we moved down among the trees and sweet songsters. I might say mosquitos too, but that would spoil it. I want to say much, but little Edward has woken and I must stop and see to him. Give my love to Susan; tell her I think she might write, as I believe she will never come and see me. My love to brother William and family, and all the good people. Your sister, Lucy.

W W W W W W W W W W W W W W W W W W

April 1st 1847: Lucy Brewster to Jane Howley. Sister Jane: I received your letter Tuesday last for which I am much obliged, not to you alone, but mother whom I hope will ever keep up her instigating spirit in the letter-writing line. But that will not suffice. I want to see her very much, and shall look for her until she comes. Want Helen and Marshall to come with her. When are you coming yourself? Very lonely this spring, I assure you. Wish someone would come and stay with me for company. Want to see Susan Everett very much. Wrote a long letter to her last winter, but she has not answered it. Should like to know why. Ask cousin Jane Judson if she ever intends making me a visit; you write nothing about them.

Did you get the Christian World? I sent you with Gannet's lecture on inspiration. Want brother William to read it. They are continued, but to me very new and interesting. Should like to send you more were they my own. This is a world of thought and literature; new truths are brought out of the Bible as well as elsewhere. We must read with our own understanding, and not with the understanding of those who long ago preceeded us. But I am no zealot. The sermon on the mount was always understood, I suppose, yet there is a pleasure in finding out the truth of the matter; besides it enlarges the sphere of thought. If I could only think new thoughts and not old ones so much I would be glad and better pleased with myself.

But now to the health of the family. Will begin with Mr. O.B. who is shaking in the wind; doesn't know whether to leave theague or not; feels some like it, but hopes he will not. Josephine is attacked with it again, suffered much these few days past. Bud is quite solid and well, yet hasague symptoms. If we have it again this summer we shall be sick of this place.

Have received a letter from cousin Abel Spencer; is with mother and



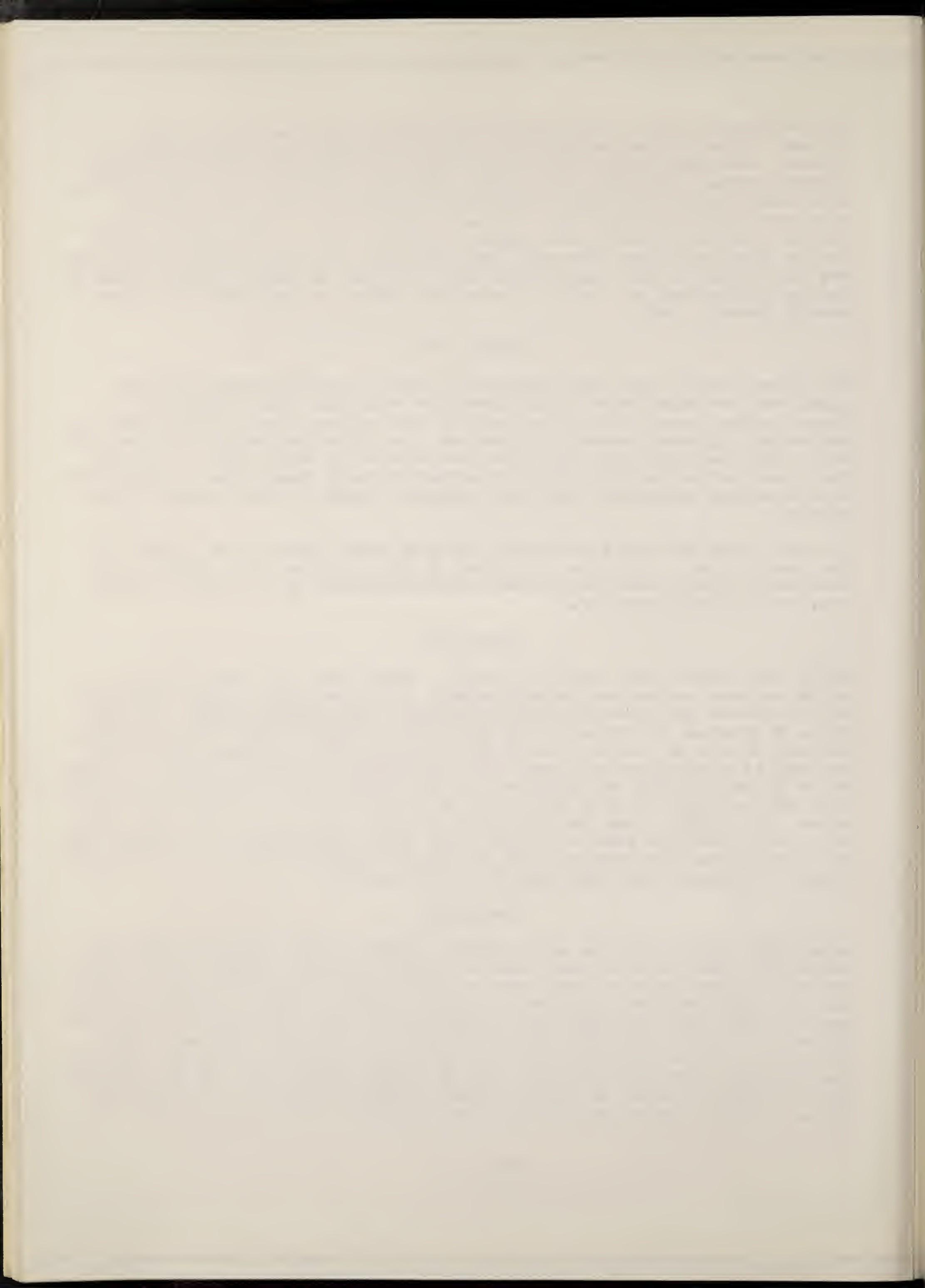
and family, but says very little about them. (Promise this Cousin Spencer to be in the Hawley line) Speaks of coming here next summer or winter. Josephine plays with her cousins personified; carries on long conversations with them, poor child, wish she could see them more often. Tell about Lester. We had some of her mustard; she and her mother's presence would have made it a better relish. Wish I could have them to tea as I am going out to make preparations to take a short-ride. Tell father this is a busy time with the saw-mill. Has been running night and day. Mr. Scott is our sawyer; has been here two or three weeks. Father's family well except A, who is astride the fence on the sgue. From your homely sister, Lucy.

The above letter from Lucy appears to mark her emancipation from the past, and her acceptance of the Brewster attitude. The process had taken twelve years. It is the first of her letters that embodies any degree of flippancy toward her husband, the first to indulge in the bon mot, and the first that does not preeminently in self-pity. It is also the first intimation of self-improvement through study, and an indication of the mental potential that was, in later years, to so strongly assert itself.

It also marks the point at which Lucy and Oscar cease to be a part of the Rowley story. With the exception of the next two brief notes, the remaining papers concerning them will be recorded in a volume of their own, exclusively Brewster.

March 14th 1848. Oscar to Jane Rowley. Jane. Lucy said she promised to write as soon as her confinement should take place, so I have the pleasure to inform you that unto us on this day, viz Sabbath evening at 3.00 P.M., a manchild is born. Her severe pain was not of very long duration, and she is now as comfortable as her case permits. The boy, whose name is Tom, is a remarkably behaved and exceedingly beautiful child - appears to be in good health and spirits. We are without any permanent assistance. Mrs. Chafee calls in each day; Mrs. Smith here all day yesterday, and I alone last night. I set out yesterday to find help, but could find none, so I help myself as well as I can. Lucy feels much better at present, but as Goethe says. "the future hath in it good hope and sorrow." If mother does not come out with you, please write. Oscar.

March 26th 1848: Oscar to Jane Rowley. Jane; we are foolish enough to think you would like to hear from us again; mind ye, again, for we sent you the tidings of our little one's birth more than a week since. Perhaps you have not received it. This at least we know - that we have received nothing from you. Our state and condition is thus. Lucy up and about the house, the little preacher quite reasonable in his requisitions as to salary. Josephine first nurse, and however not so noisy since he finds he is likely to have help in that way. We should really like to see mother, but we will try to be as quiet as good children should be. Now may the peace of God be with you now and ever. Oscar.

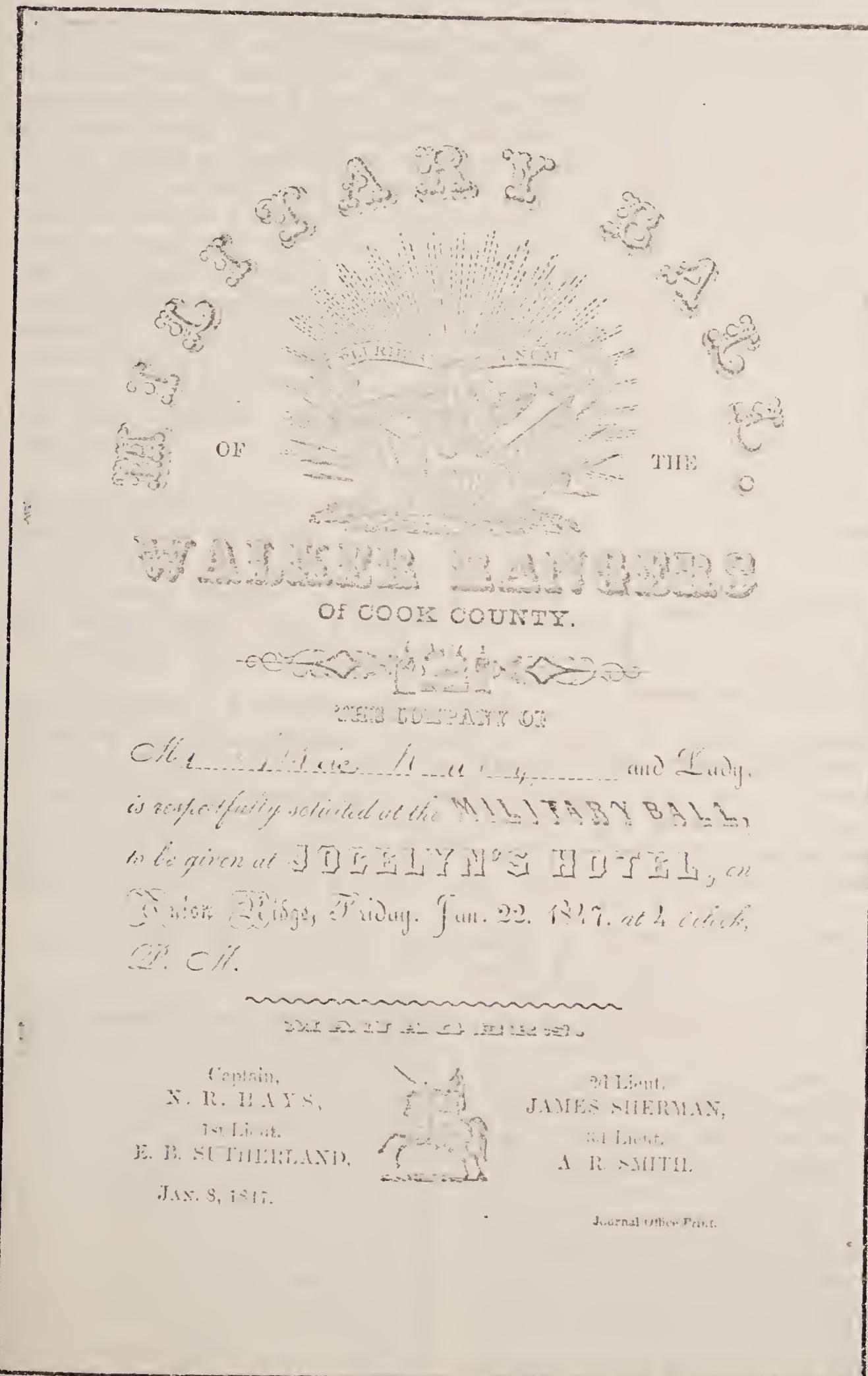


The year 1849, and in the headlines President Taylor and the Gold Commissioner, Brigham Young and his new Colony at Salt Lake, Gold in California....The census was about to proclaim a grand total of 12,500,000. The distinct cultures of the North, the South, the East and the West had emerged. The old-time Americanism was to be found only in the middle West, land of the small town, the small farmer and the pioneer settler.

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Four years have elapsed without surviving correspondence from Jane. The indications are that she and Alcock had adjusted to both family and private life, but that financial progress had been scant. Some clue to their way of life is contained in a series of party invitations, several of which show



- 1846
New Year's Eve Party at
Gates Cottage

1847
January 2nd: Jocelyn's
Hotel, Union Ridge

July 2nd. Dickerson's
Hotel

July 2nd. T. Pearson's
Hotel

1848
January 5th. Dickerson
Hotel

July 4th. Pearson's
Assembly rooms

1849
February 20th. Uzzenov.
House

July 4th. Eli Henderson
Hotel

October 1st: Uzzenov.
House. A. and J.
Baudien S., proprietors

73-21-11

In 1849 Aldrick was 36, Jane 33, Martha 12, Adeline 9, and in August there was to be Marietta. Jane wrote: This one was the opposite of the others with light hair and gray eyes. Aldrick said she resembled me; we called her Etta. Now our circle was complete, and we were comparatively happy for a time, but only a short time.

Everyone was having the gold fever and Aldrick among the rest. nothing would do but he must go to California, and all my tears and entreaties could not dissuade him. Others went and came home laden with spoils, and he was stout and strong, so why could not he? So there was a covered wagon fixed and a company of them made ready to go, and he went. Oh how vividly does that day come back to my memory. After bidding us all a sad farewell he turned once more to kiss the babe that was prattling at the window. He went and never returned...

An account of Alarick's trip to California is contained in one of the rarest of all items of western Americana known as Abbey's Diary of which only six copies are known to exist. The full title:

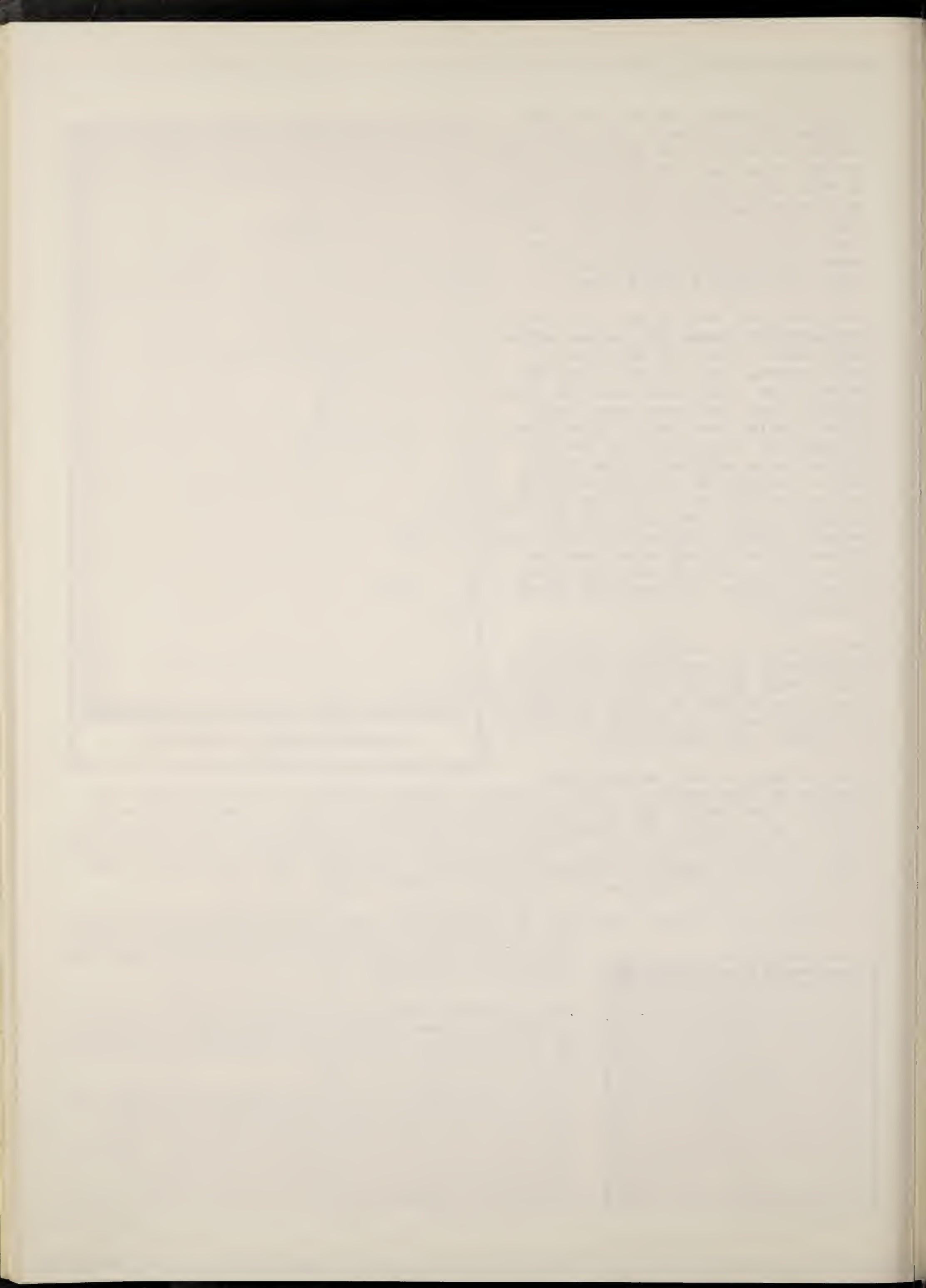
California; A Trip Across the
Plains in the Spring of 1850. Being a Daily Record of the Trip over the
Plains, the Desert and the Mountains; Sketches of the Country, Distances
from Camp to Camp, and Containing Valuable Information to Immigrants as to
where they will find Wood, Water and Grass at almost every Step along the
way. By James Abbey. Published by John R. Munacher, City Bookstore, Kent
and Norman Ledger Bldg., New Albany, Indiana, 1850.

It is not, of course, possible to quote more from this book than is pertinent to Marwick's part in the journey. The copy used was that in the collection of the New York Historical Society.

The names of the men with whom Alarick began his journey are not known, although one - reputed to be a celebrated hunter and marksman - has supposed to come from Ireland.

April 16th 1850: ten miles from St. Joseph, Mo.
Started from St. Louis on the steamer "Dove".
Made the trip from New Albany in eleven days.
Crowds pouring in from all directions. Boys in
high spirits. City consists of 100 wagons.
Nowley and McBride with us; George Kickey and

F. L. CAGWNY & CO. would inform the
Citizens of Chicago, and the business public
in general, that Mr. F. L. Cagney and those who do
business with him, do not do so as their agent.
With the First National Company, that they are
engaged with him, at their offices at No. 111 State
Street, Chicago, Illinois. He is one of the
shareholders, and is entitled to receive 100 shares
of stock, which went to the class, and may be trans-
ferred to either the Northern, or South-Western
Division, or retained by him, and used in
Cassier's office, or elsewhere, and the majority
of the stock will be held by him.



George Clayton. Missouri River rose eight feet, visited by eighty-four thousand people at St. Joseph. James Townsend from St. Louis with a

April 25. Started for the plains. At the stream Shindler found Rowley and McNeal. Left Rowley and McNeal who were going to wait till the cool of the evening to let their cattle rest.

May 1. Left camp this morning at five o'clock in company with Rowley, Richey, Gilman, Cline, Armstrong and Stevenson.

May 11. Arrived at the Platte River. May 12th Sunday, camped all day on the banks of the Platte. May 13. Ft. Laramie, we came up with (or to) Rowley and Richey. All in good spirits. Three thousand wagons ahead of them.

May 17. A meeting to organize our companions. Mr. R. A. Stevenson elected Captain. Our train consisted of seven wagons; five from New Albany, viz., Abbey and Co., McBride and Co., Richey and Rowley, Gilman and Cline, Alex O'Neal and Co., Armstrong and Stevenson, and Saunders and Co.

May 27. All safe in camp - fine spirit. We made twenty miles today. Boys say this is a brush of the elephant's tail.

June 17. At eleven o'clock we turned our cattle out to grass with Rowley and Shindler and McBride. Shoved off this morning at five o'clock in a violent snow storm, and traveled till ten o'clock when we reached the forks of the two roads. The one to the left takes you to Sweetwater Cut-off or Fort Hall, and that to the right to Great Salt Lake. Here we parted with our old friend Alex O'Neal, he taking the Cut-off, and we to Salt Lake. From the appearance of this road I should suppose that most of the wagons had taken the Cut-off.

June 22. Arrived at Fort Bridger; found water. June 25. Many people passing us on horse back, and some on foot with packs on their backs, but in my opinion ox teams are the best. At Echo Creek Richey and Company's wagon up-set and spilt, but no damage.

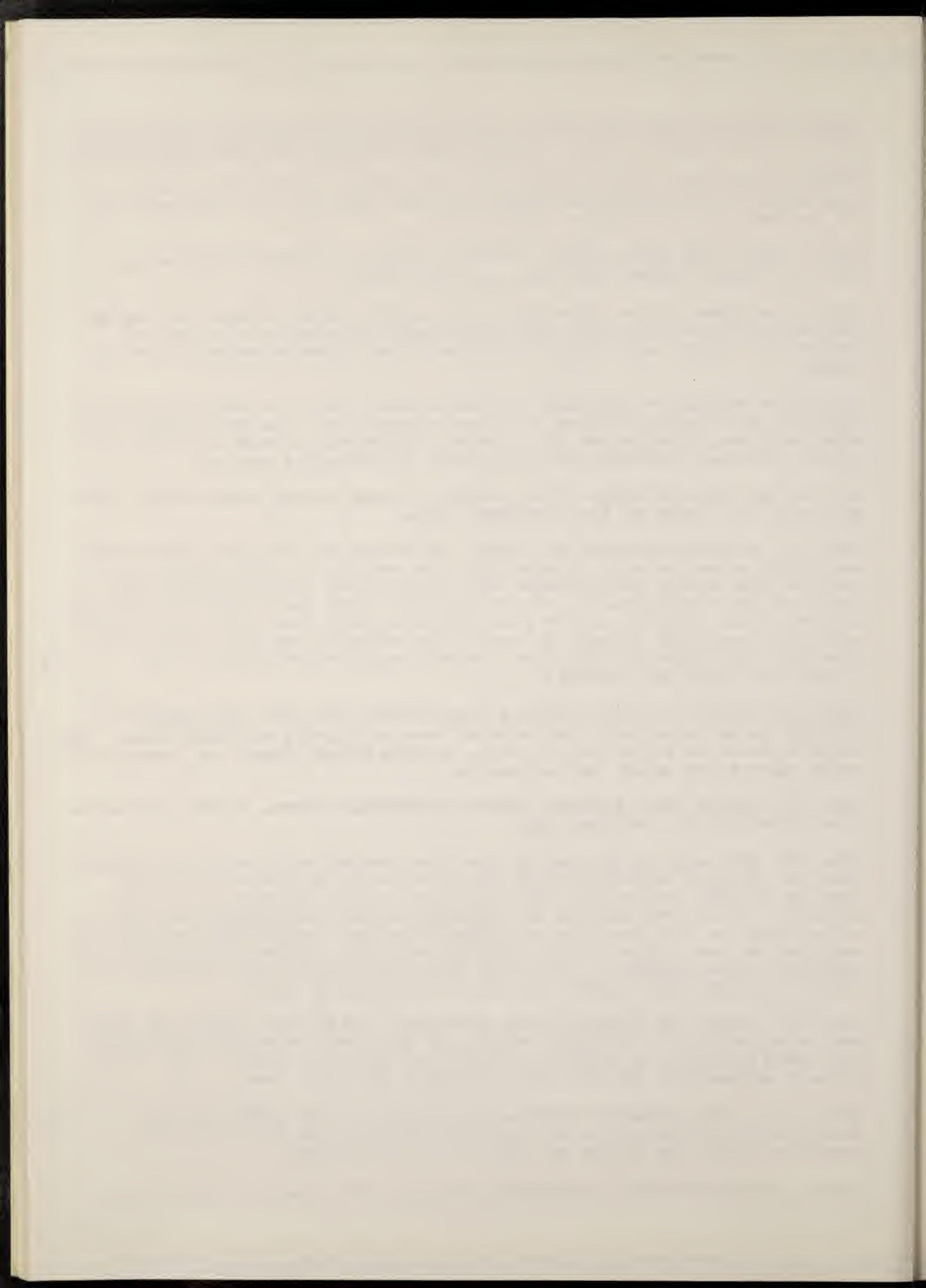
June 27. Kenyon Creek crossed thirteen different times. On the worst road ever travelled by civilized man.

June 29. Left camp at six and in one hour reached Salt Lake City. Stopper over for Sunday. Washed clothes; grass for cows; lightened our loads. Here we saw our old friend David Anderson. houses principally of logs, dwellings of the aristocrats of sun-dried bricks. Best supper we have eaten since we left Sweet home - light biscuits, butter, hot coffee, milk and broiled ham. Butter .75, Milk .50, meat .75. Wagons at home worth \$150.00 - here \$500.00. It has been said that man was made to mourn, but still there are some bright spots in the pathway of life.

June 30. Rowley and Shindler have dissolved. Rowley has joined our mess and Shindler that of Saunders and Co. of Ky. Their wagon was too heavy for their cattle, and they were fearful of not being able to get safely through unless they did so. Camp two miles from Salt Lake.

July 2. At ten o'clock we reached the ferry at Weber River to find twenty wagons ahead of us. One o'clock before we got over the river. Ferriage \$4.00. Ten inches of dust. Cut le suffering.

July 4. Declaration of Independence read by our mess-mate Frost of Ky.



July 7. Our New Albany friends, Tobias Funkle and Oris Fox had breakfast with us. They had left their wagons behind at Salt Lake and were packing through on horse back.

July 10. About nine we came to Goose Creek with very steep banks where we found a number of emigrants digging a grave for a young man, Jacob Jackson from Cass County, Illinois. Travelled over mountainous roads, being in danger of sliding down to the bottom at every step. Made six miles an hour.

July 12. On way to Warm Spring Valley. The dust is so deep as to cover our boot tops, and rose in such clouds as to prevent the driver from seeing his team. Saw several Indians at a distance.

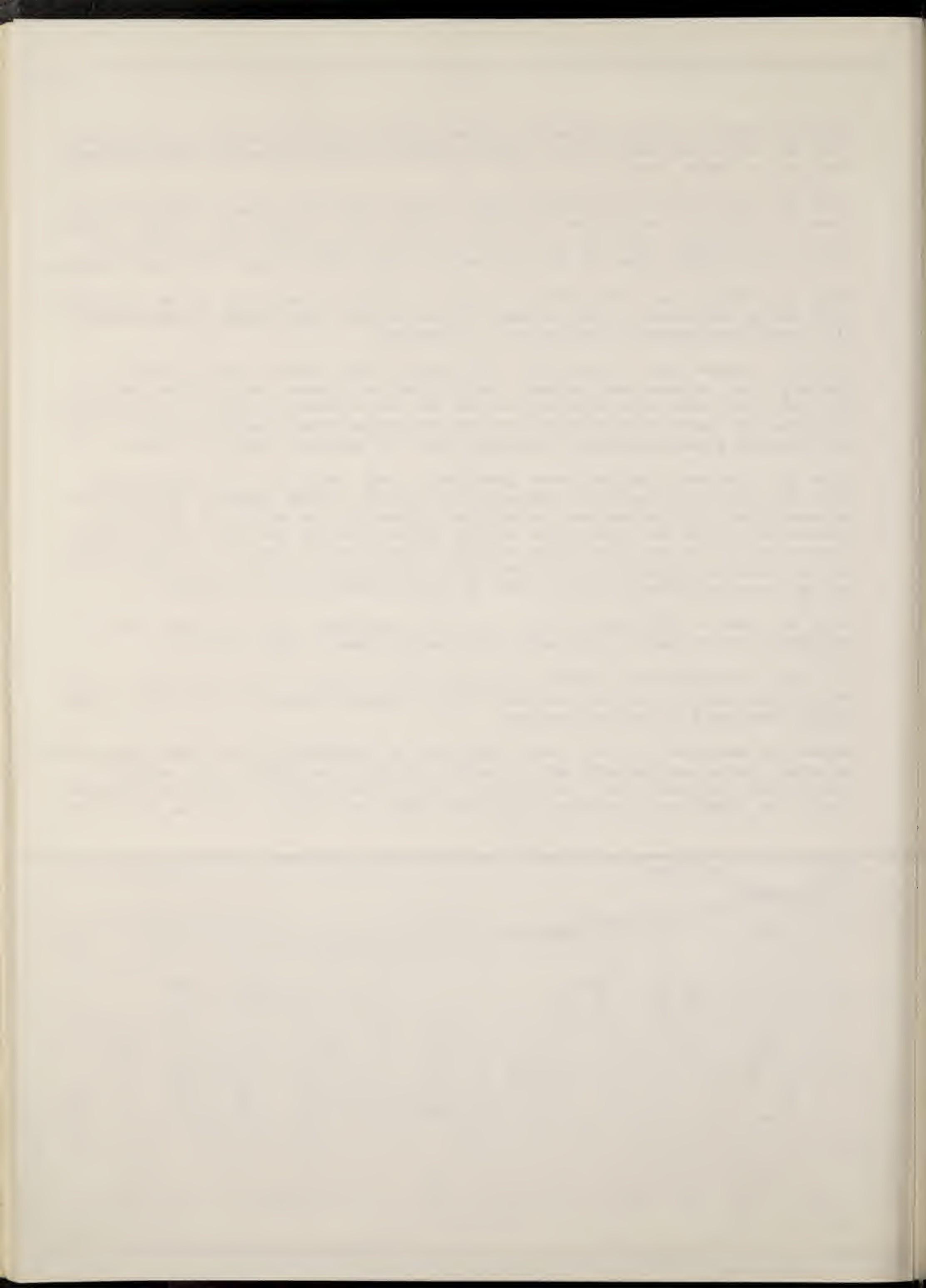
July 14. Turned out in company with Lindley and three wagons from New Albany, viz. Nelson and Rodger, Pennington and Jones, and Dwyer and Co. who had left Salt Lake one day before us. At eleven o'clock we stopped for a couple of hours on the banks of the St Marys River. We passed the grave of Robinson from Rushville, Illinois who had died of bilious fever.

July 16: Numerous Indians were prowling about today for the purpose of stealing. Since travelling through the valley I have counted the corpses of more than 160 horses and mules that mired in the swamp. A train of horses and mules in advance of us had twelve horses and ten mules stolen from them one night. The Indians caught the man off guard, stripped him stark naked and wounded him in several places with arrows. Indians in this valley very numerous, and we have to keep strict guard at night.

July 18. One of the worst roads we have travelled since leaving home - clambering over rocks which are very destructive to the wagons.

July 29. Travelled all night. Many abandoned wagons seen. Aug. 1st. Where we stopped there were two hundred other wagons. Joined a train five miles long. Forty-six wagons given up.

August 2: Our cattle gave great evidence of suffering so we were compelled to stop, being completely out of water. Rowley and myself and Woodruff bought two gallons from a traveller (who had brought it along on speculation) for which we paid the reasonable price of \$1.00 a gallon. The desert



through which we are passing is strewn with dead horses and mules. I counted in fifteen minutes 350 dead horses, 200 oxen and 150 mules. The dead animals decaying on the road keep the air scented all the way through. A ten yard or slaughter house is a flower garden in comparison. Vast amounts of valuable property have been abandoned and thrown away in the desert - Leather trunks, clothing and wagons to the value of at least \$100,000.00 - in the distance of only twenty miles. Counted 302 wagons worth at least \$120.00 each.

August 3: Our companion Smith returned from the river with five gallons of water. We at once took our tin cups and drank to the health of our mothers, wives, children and friends with as much gusto as if it had been champagne.

August 6: This a.m. four of our companions started on ahead of the team to pick out a suitable place at the mines to work.

August 7: There being another desert to cross, we remained in camp till 4.00 p.m. hoping to be able to cross at night. Marched till 2.00 a.m.

August 8: Our only dread now is the crossing of the Sierra Nevadas. This night we camped with 200 wagons on the Carson River. We were much worn down by night travel.

August 10. Sunday. Started 5.00 a.m. myself, Gennings, Woodiel remained behind with a sick oxen. We watched the poor animal, ministered to him all the remainders in our possession, but he died. He had shared with us all the vicissitudes of this toilsome journey and to see him die was truly painful. At noon we were visited by twenty bigger Indians, a portion of whom were perfectly naked. They say there is plenty of gold in the hills. In p.m. came to a place called Mormon Station - perfect skinning post for emigrants. flour 1.50 lb., sugar 4.75 lb., fresh beef from broken down oxen .05 lb.

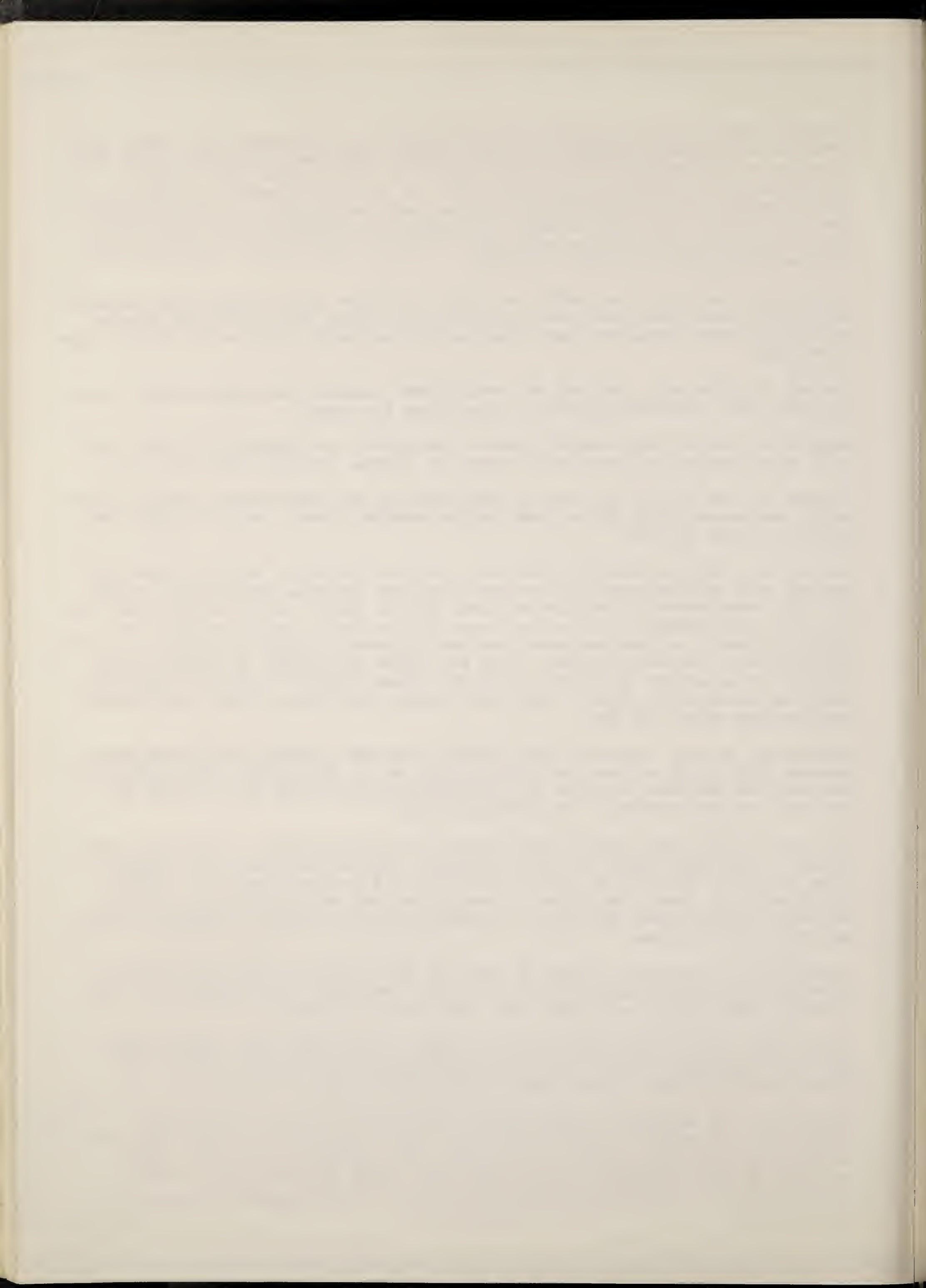
August 11: A mile ahead of our present camp the Indians shot some ten horses with their arrows, crippling them so as to render them unable to travel. The packers to whom they belonged killed them on the spot to prevent the red rascals from getting them.

The road we are now travelling defies all description. Of all the rough roads I have ever seen or ever imagined, this beats them all - rocks from the size of a flour barrel to that of a meeting house are strewn all along the road, and there we are compelled to climb and squeeze our way through them the best we could. Distance made, 16 miles, saying nothing about roads.

August 12: We hitched a yoke of oxen to one wagon and in a few minutes were on the first summit where we camped the night with Kichey and Armstrong. Snow eight feet deep. Next day made 11 miles.

August 15. Pine trees flowers like May. We are now fifty miles from the gold diggings. Passed grave of man killed by Indians. August 16: Leck Spring Valley, thirty miles from Weaverville. Saw deer.

August 17: We arrived at the fork of the road, the one leading to Hangtown, the other to Weaverville. We took the latter. We are now six miles from Pleasant Valley, or Dry diggings. Still descending. Oxen refused to pull wagons. Met up with John Mount and Crawford Clarke. They passed us with their mule teams bound for Sacramento City. We



travelled into the night through dust two feet deep. Couldn't see candle ten feet ahead. Stopped twenty miles from Hangtown.

August 19: This a.m. we started at 6:00 p.m. and in two hours struck the gold valley. We are now over the Sierras and six miles from Weaverville. Here we cooked the last provisions we had on route. At 6:00 p.m. we arrive at Weaverville. It is situated on a creek, population 1,000, dwellings of logs and shanties. (This is not the Weaverville on present day maps and shown north-west of Redding, but another community which has evidently had its name changed and was formerly slightly south of Placerville in El Dorado County.)

August 20: This a.m. we were occupied in deliberation, and it was concluded to have a division of men, consequently we had an auction of a portion of our goods. I bought a sharp pointed shovel for \$15.00 and a pick for \$4.50. The mess was then dissolved in friendship, a portion having decided to go thirty miles south of Machosma Creek, an arrangement which does not meet my views, and myself and Rowley will remain here.

August 21: This day we arranged our utensils for work and bought a cradle for which we paid \$20.00. Rowley has gone up the creek to look for a suitable place to work. Our mess, excepting Rowley and myself, after dinner started for their destination on Machosma Creek.

August 23: Our first operations in mining were in the bed of the creek, water three feet deep. A great number of men working within a distance of eight to ten miles I should suppose there to be from eight to ten thousand. I am of the opinion that the gold harvest in this region is about over. Here we find we have to dig from 8 to 10 feet deep in hard rocky ground before reaching the clay in which gold deposits are found. My canonic opinion is that taking all the miners on Weaverville Creek together, that they do not average \$5.00 a day. The most I have made in one day in digging here is \$4.00, and I have done some tall digging.

August 24: Saturday. Our hole having given out we rambled about for miles in search of a location, but every spot of ground appeared to be dug up or was occupied by miners. So we concluded to return home.

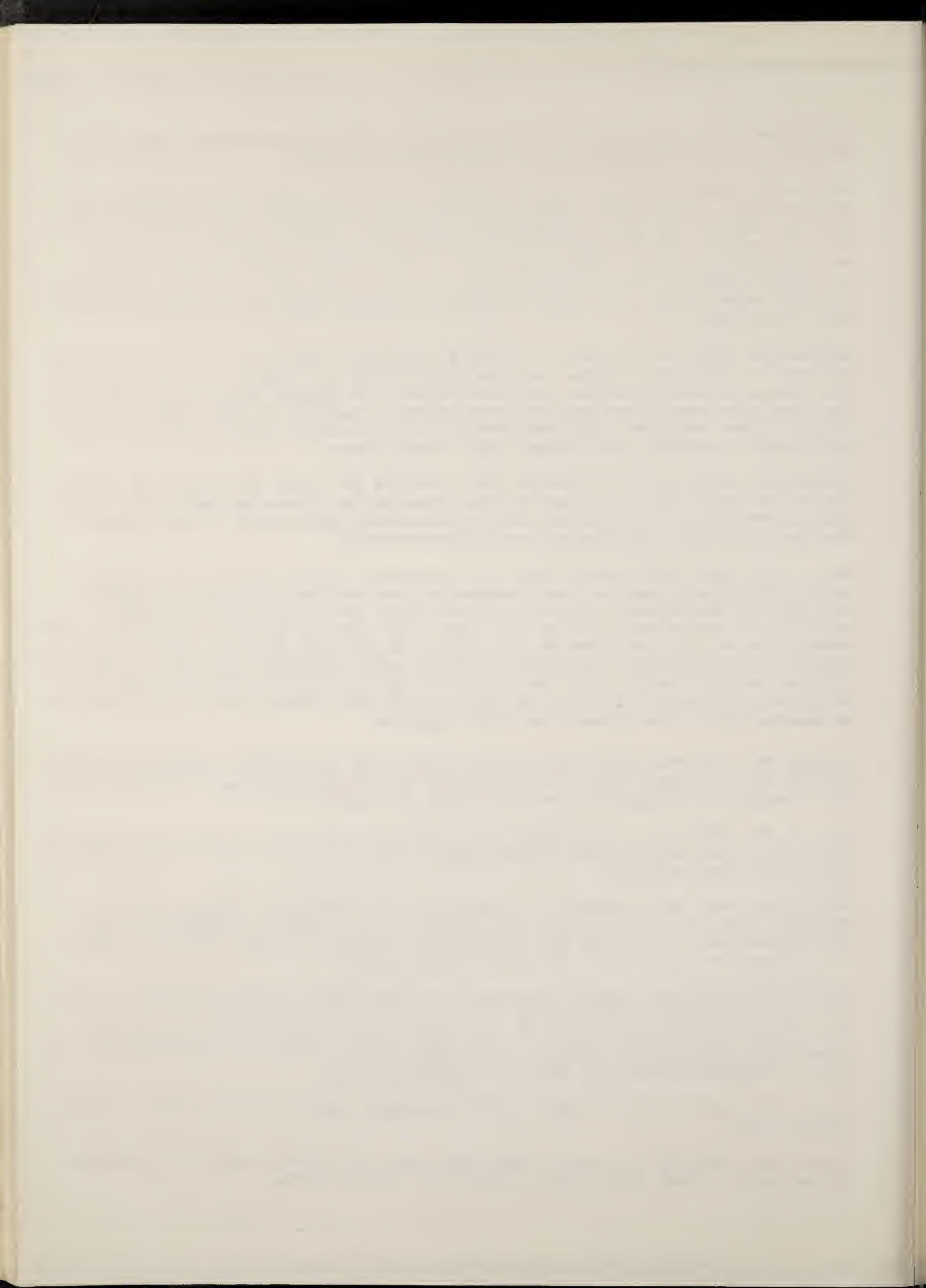
August 25: This day is pleasant, and the air clear, pure and fragrant. All the boys except myself off prospecting. Being alone all day I spent it in meditation and reading.

August 26: Got our breakfast at 4:00 a.m. and took our mining tools and started down the creek about four miles where, finding a suitable place for operations, we washed out about fifty buckets of dirt and got about a half once of gold, wet feet and aching bones.

August 27. Our hole having given out we prospected about for several hours and at last found a place which did fair to yield tolerably well. So we set to work and labored hard as any fellow ever did, carrying our dirt about 400 yards to the creek. It did not yield as well as we expected, and to our surprise soon gave out. Got half an ounce.

August 28. Started off early to the diggings, and our day's labor yielded about \$8.00

August 31: The sun is oppressively hot and the nights cool. The proceeds of our day's labor about nine dollars and some cents.



September 1. Sunday. Rowley is disengaged and thinks mining a poor business. My thoughts today are more than a thousand miles distant; they are of home, mother, sister and friends.

September 8. Spent the day in writing letters. Myself and Rowley go up to Sacramento City tomorrow to see if we can muster a letter or newspaper, neither of which we have seen for six months past.

XXXXXXXXXX

Here ends Abbey's Journal. It was probable that while on the above mentioned visit to Sacramento City that Aldrick sent home his few nuggets to Jane which were later made into rings for his children. As a diversion he went on a hunting trip up the Sacramento River with a friend, but whether this friend was Abbey is not known. They bought a boat and returning with a good load on which they realized a good profit decided to try it again. Somewhere along the route his friend developed dysentery, a sickness very prevalent around Sacramento. In an abandoned shanty on the river, the only shelter for many miles, Aldrick cared for his friend as best he could. The friend died in three days, and Aldrick too was stricken before he could get to the boat. Some days later a trapper came upon Aldrick unconscious in the shanty with his dead companion. Somehow he got Aldrick back to Sacramento and to a hospital, and word came back to Illinois that he was on the road to recovery. Then for a long time there was no word. Finally it was learned that the hospital, a temporary structure, had been torn down, but of Aldrick no word. Still later a newspaper published his name among a list of dead.

Apart from what Jane wrote of her husband's character there is but one other pertinent comment, noted by his daughter, Marline. "My father was a good natured person. I never heard him speak a cross word to mother or to us children, nor did he ever have trouble with his neighbors," which, after all, is saying quite a bit.

See also
Illustration from *California Miner*
in California collection
Sanjour Collection in California
Collection
William Rowley, Fred Johnson &
John McLean and the miners who
left San Joaquin Valley - all three
in their notes make mention of
the clear water, pure air and
the great number of trees and timber
available.
Also see the same section for the
Highlanders



1850: "A city, sir," said the General, "a city already; and such trade -
times coming in every day loaded with produce, why, the very day I left
there over a hundred head of cattle were sold in Chicago. You and I, sir,
will live to see fifty thousand inhabitants in Chicago; and that boy of
yours will live to see it twice that number. It has nearly twenty thousand
now."

Emigrants to the West were booring business, and for Jane Howley, too,
responsible during Aldrick's absence for an income, it was a comparatively
good year. Her annual income as shown in her account book totaled \$623.00

Produce	50.06
butter and eggs	5.08
Other things	16.66
For boarding mill hands	100.90
For timber	131.00

Aldrick had left in March, and nearly a year had passed before she had
the slightest news of his success or failure. When his letter from Sac-
ramento with the gold had arrived is not known, but it could hardly have
been before the end of the year.

1851: Trouble came in bunches. Jane's income for produce, 106 pounds of
butter and 145 dozen eggs - all she had to show for the year - totaled
only \$66.08. Caring for her children, Martha aged 14, Isatine aged 11,
and Marietta aged 8, together with the responsibility of the house and
farm, must have been difficult even in those days. She had not started
her journal, notes of events being recorded in a small diary with few
entries.

January 1: Mr. Bristol and Miss Misner came to see us. A very pleasant
visit with them. They brought some books for presents for the girls.

February 5: Donation party at our house for Mary Judson.

February 17: Little Marietta swallowed a pin. Spent a night of intense
anxiety. Pin found. No more trouble about that.

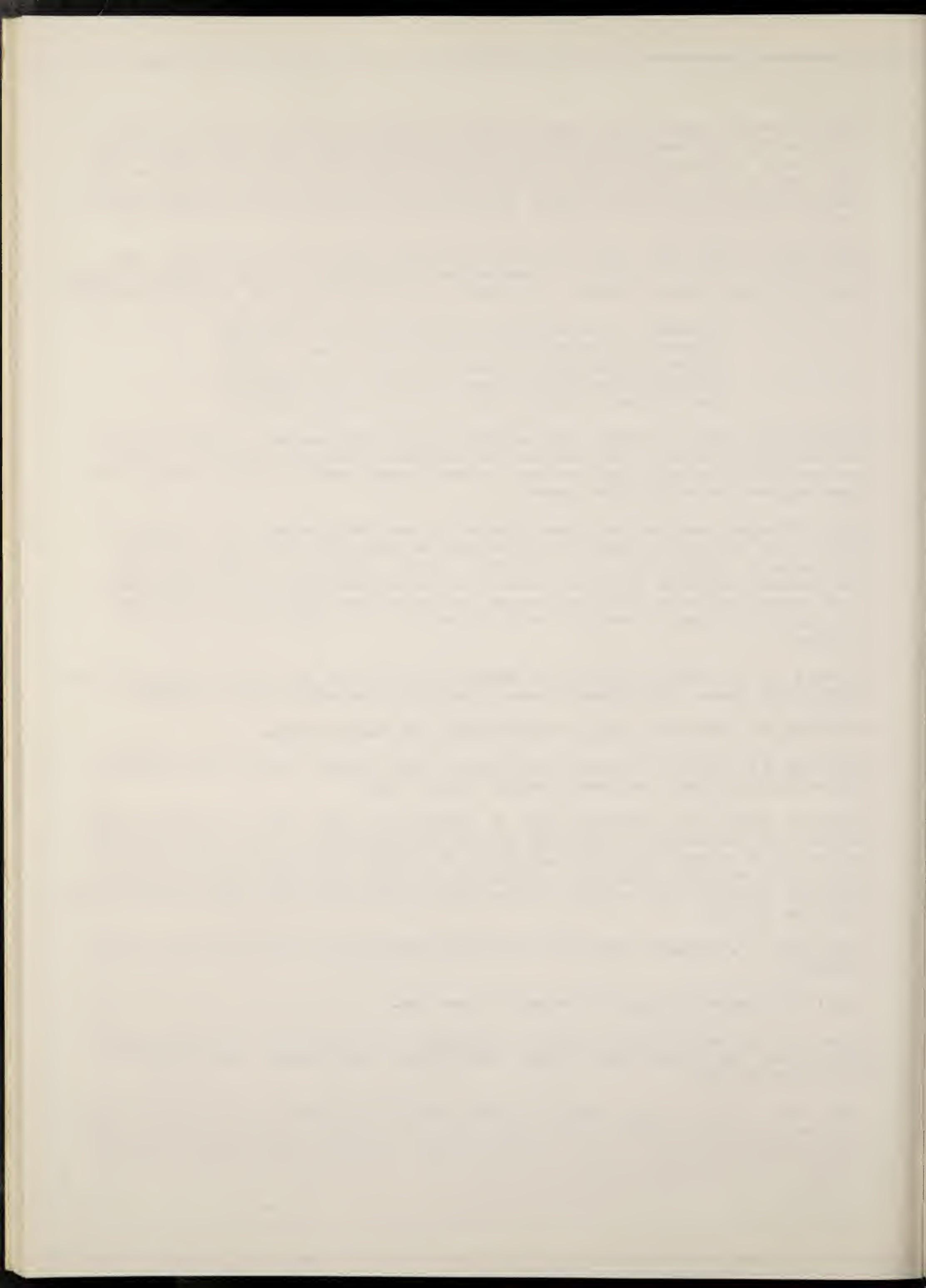
March 9: Heard the terrible news of Aldrick's death which occurred three
months ago according to reports in the papers, but we could not believe
it as the name was reported 'Albert'. We thought it must be someone else
until letters from California confirmed it. Oh, what dreadful days and
weeks of suspense and agony. No one knows but those who have passed through
the same trial.

March 31: Mr. Hummell moved in the house with us to carry on the farm on
shares.

April 13: Oscar and Lucy came out to see us.

Some kind of service was held for Aldrick, as Jane notes the title of the
sermon as: 'He looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder
and maker is God.'

With the end of spring, cholera dealt the Chicago area a merciless blow.
The Howleys were fortunate in being well away from the most infected areas
and were not affected. A few letters from relatives, quoted in sections
devoted to collateral lines, were received relative to Aldrick's death.



Far in that foreign land,
Where rolls the surmounting wave,
Along its bright and golden sand,
Is scoop'd thy timely grave
The sun's mer number'd burning flame
Forbids the fever that pain would blow
Above the pilgrim stranger's frame
With its intentest glow
And high the wintry snow-drift heaps
The hill-side where my husband lies
To enter poor child, the giddy dream
That lured thee far from home and friend
To meet the visor's dazzling gleam
That cheats so many to their end;
The golden gain, the bright career
Couse with the fever and the briar
To end the vain, pleasure scheme
In sorrowing heart and mourning tear!



1852: The 1850's were the dark years in Jane Nowley's life. Apparently she attempted to blot the memory of these years from her memory, for any writing that she may have done and any letters she may have received were for the most part destroyed. It is in this decade that the greatest amount of supposition must be considered, but it is difficult to completely cover any portion of our lives. Someone always knows, and someone always tells.

She remained in financial straits for some years. Her expenses in 1852 totalled \$135.15. Income derived from produce, timber and cattle, \$103.38 from butter \$16.71, from eggs \$7.96, from chickens \$10.26, leaving a net profit of \$1.76. One of her cows, Katy, died in March.

Her income was much the same in 1853, a total of \$147.69, while expenses ran \$126.52.

For Jane, these were years of depression, and while we have heard a part of her viewpoint as told by herself, it is necessary to also appraise her actions through the observations of others. Thus to truly understand her attitude we must go back again to her childhood.

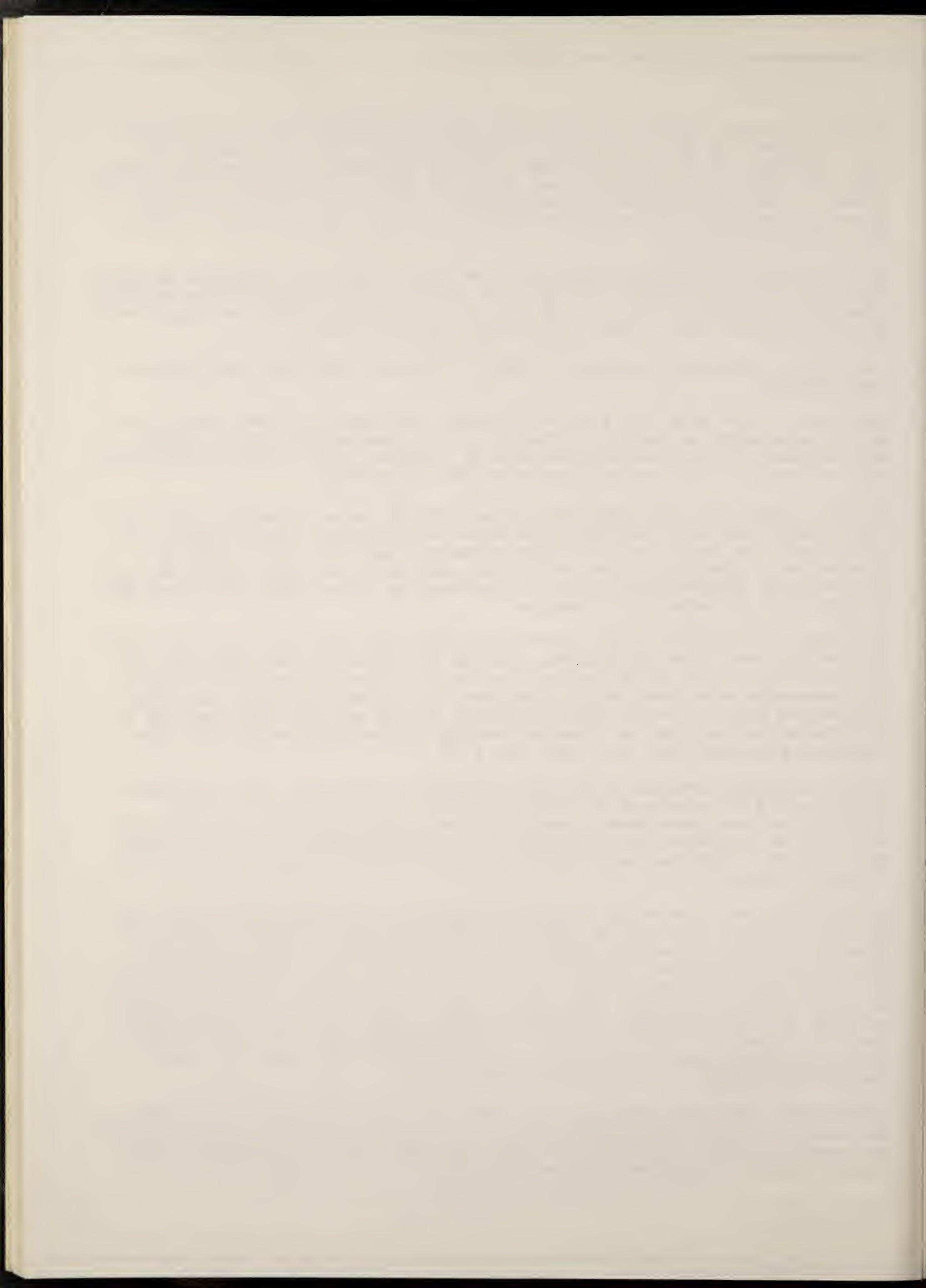
There appears to be no doubt that Jane grew up in an atmosphere of coldness, soberness and austerity. She knew no lightness and no mirth, and the result was that she had little sense of humor and was unable to understand hilarity or divergence from soberness and duty. While she herself was the personification of tenderness and compassion, it pained her deeply when she noted its absence.

What she did not tell about her wedding trip was that when she was taken ill on the boat from Burlington, Aldrick did what he could for her and then left her alone while he indulged in the general revelry surrounding the occasion of a boat trip. This lack of knowledge or amusement and recreation made her extremely intolerant of it, and at times led her to extreme acts. She grew so tired of seeing Aldrick play cards that she eventually threw the deck into the fire.

It was no doubt obvious to her that Aldrick's departure for California was in a way a desertion, and the grief and chagrin caused by her assumptions must have been a heavy burden as she reproached herself for her lack of patience with him. She had not only lost the one she loved the most, but also had lost for her children their father. This is, of course, surmise.

During the two years after Aldrick's death the burden of caring for the three children, running the farm and provisions for security seemed to leave her with little alternative to a second husband. She was 37 in 1853. That she married without love and in haste is overly obvious. Her grief at losing Aldrick could hardly have left her in a receptive state of mind after the passage of eighteen to twenty months. The man closest at hand was her neighbor, William Emerson, whose farm was located just over the river directly west of the Nowley property. They were married on January 1st 1854, two years and nine months after Jane had first heard that Aldrick would never return.

Emerson did not even last the year out with Jane. With his assistance her income shrank from \$147.69 in 1853 to \$11.94 in 1854. In her accounts she noted him as a 'boarder'. He left December 12th of that year after eleven months of what was evidently anything but blissful married life.



that vision I rec'd
in the State of
Alabama and the
whole of Georgia
is now merged in
the State of
Georgia.

It is a topic
of interest



Besides losing a new husband, Jane also lost two fairly close relatives during another epidemic of cholera both Rachel, Aldrich's mother, and Rachel's sister Hester, wife of Henry Judson, died within a few days during the latter part of July. A month before the City of Chicago had officially adopted a new seal in which, beneath an infant reposing on a sea-shell, an Indian, and a ship in full sail, was inscribed the motto. 'Urbs in Horto - a City in a Garden. It was anything but..... The summer of 1854 had been the hottest and driest ever known in this part of the country. By July 1st the cholera had claimed 551 for the month of June. Those who could get away scattered in every direction, and the usual hush marking an epidemic in progress fell over the city. The real hot weather began on July 3rd, and continued unabated until the middle of September with daily temperatures averaging over 80. That this consistent heat and gloom did not contribute to Jane's difficulties with her new husband is hardly possible. She never mentioned him again, legally divorced him in some later year, and turned against men in general, an obsession which she never overcame.

1855 began with more extremes in weather. A record snow storm in January suspended all business for a week. Temperance was the year's big issue. In June the election for or against prohibition led to the beer riots at which time canon had to be placed all around the Court House to keep the huge mobs under control. More people than ever before were arriving at the city and great activity existed in every phase of city life. For Jane it was another year of much work for little money. Total sale of produce, butter the main item, brought her \$6.50. At year end, December 31st we may picture her alone in the evening, the children put to bed, and as 1856 approached, writing as follows:

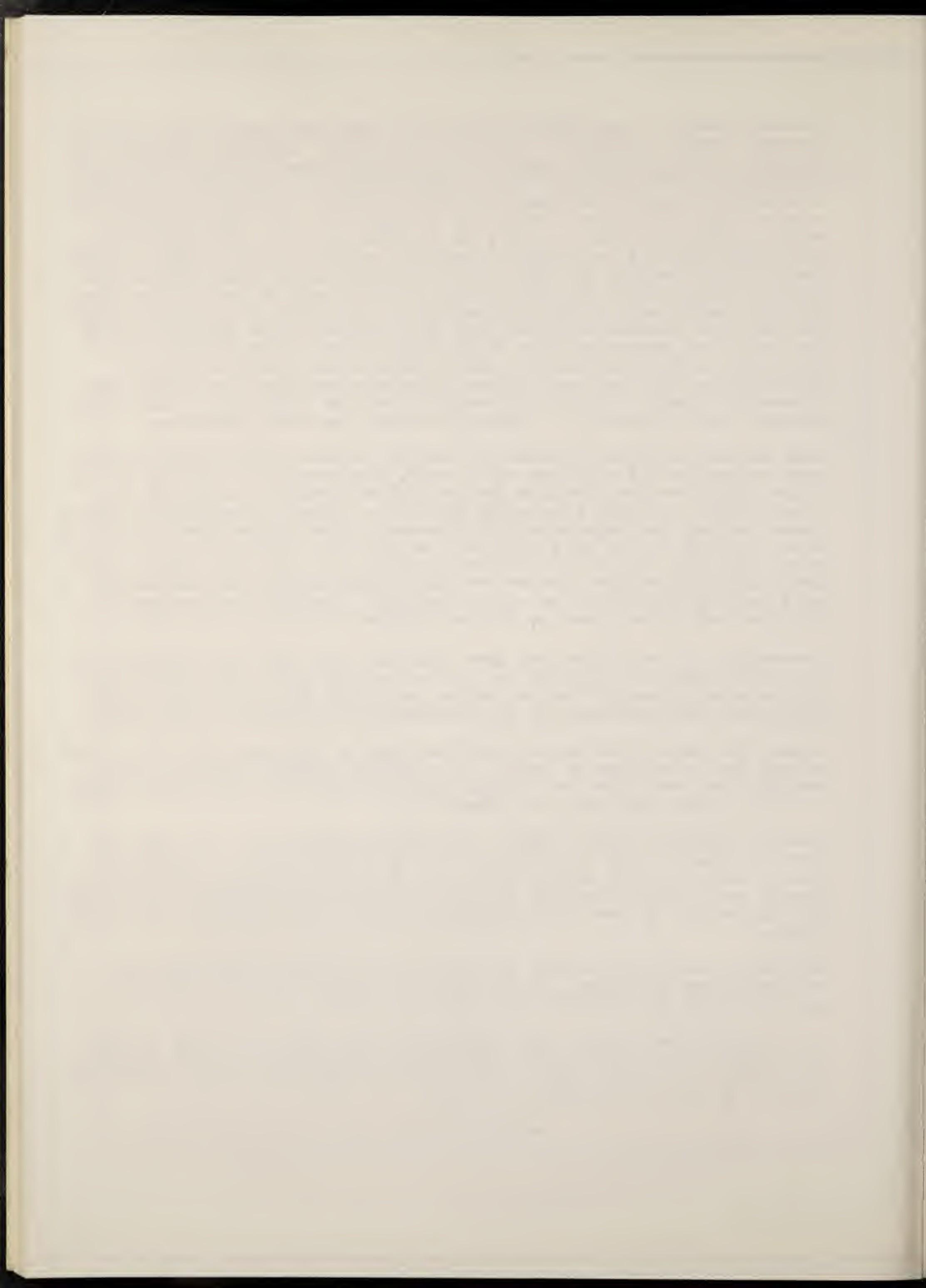
Farewell, old year. Thou art gone with all thy joys and sorrows, and thousands upon thousands of our fellow beings have passed from earth in the short space of twelve months, and among the number two of the most intimate companions of my childhood, dear friends of my youth,

Where are you now? In the blissful regions of Paradise, or do ye hover around the loved ones of earth - the little helpless flock ye left behind? God grant that we may all meet in that blest land where there will be no more partings or sorrows.

Have I ground for such a hope - miserable sinner that I am! Oh, the dark catalog of sins and follies laid up against me in one year, and all my life has been spent in the same useless manner. I have made myself and family miserable and unhappy for my bad example, bad temper and ignorance. My poor dear children will be made to suffer all their lives.

Oh that I could be the only sufferer. On me rest all the blame of whatever they do amiss. My only hope is through tears of penitence and the blood of Christ to wash my sins away.

Father in heaven, accept our thanks that our lives have been spared, our health been good, and for the numerous blessings we have enjoyed during the past year, and we ask thee to forgive us all our sins, and save us in some happy place 't last.



1856 was an unhappy year for both Jane, to whom the condition appeared static, and the Chicago area whose citizens were involved in bitter controversy. The pro-slavery major, Thomas Dyer, elected in February by campaign funds contributed mainly by the liquor interests, occasioned a series of mass-meetings. The most eloquent orators stirred the populace with such outbursts as: 'Violence reigns in Kansas - violence reigns in Washington. There is no security for a free man either in the heart of the country or in its extreme limits. The battle is begun. Slavery or freedom must give way. They cannot exist together.'

Clouding Jane's existence even more than the feverish intensity of public feeling was the forboding shadow of possible loss. Martha, aged 19, had been keeping company with a young man named Clark Rice Burns, a pleasant enough fellow whose antecedents are not known. They married on March 19th, Clark's birthday.

Financially Jane was still barely keeping in the clear. Land values had increased her capital worth, but the very significant amount of money in circulation did not seem to flow her direction.

Paid Out:

Ada. Board to Brewster	\$ 5.52
Ada's woolen shawl	6.25
Ada's brocade shawl	7.62
Flour	29.24
Sugar	10.46
Groceries	27.43
Pump	6.00
Garden fence	3.60
Trunk	2.00
	<u>\$7.52</u>

Sold.

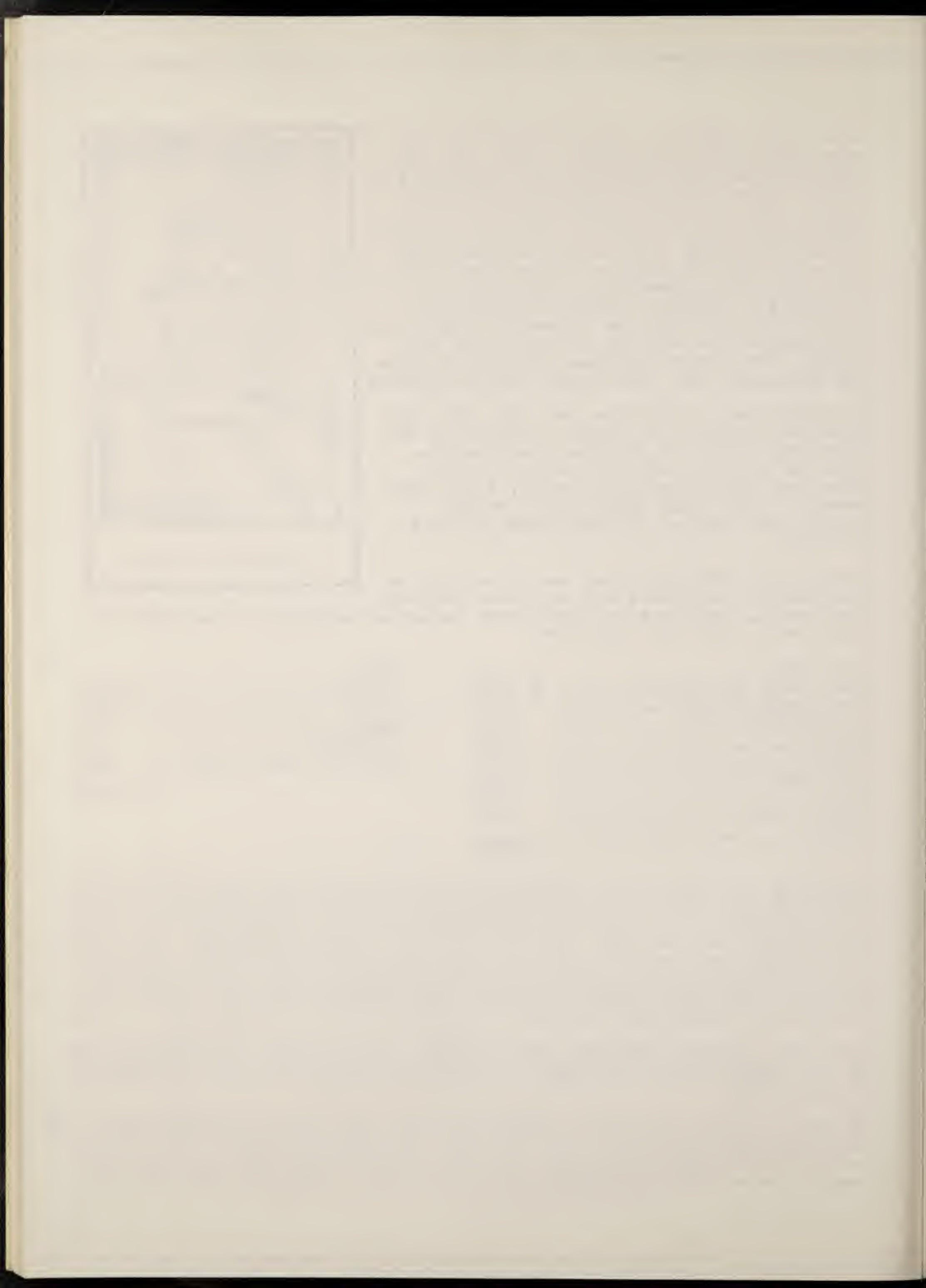
Calves	\$15.00
butter	66.65
Eggs	5.35
Chickens	7.55
Currants and apples ...	<u>5.01</u>
	\$ 105.41

Clark Rice Burns

Keynoting the summer was a speech by Abraham Lincoln on July 19th at Dearborn Park who 'held up the bugbear of disunion threatened by the slavery extensionists to the scorn and contempt it deserves.' All summer and fall meeting followed meeting, and after each the papers proclaimed. 'the largest mass meeting ever held in Chicago...Chicago has never witnessed anything like the enthusiasm and excitement which prevailed over all classes last night....' At one meeting in October, over 25,000 people were on the park. Parades were constantly passing and at night bonfires illuminated the sky.

About the first of November, Jane left the farm in charge of Adeline, aged 16, and again visited Vermont. It would be difficult to know her thoughts as she wrote:

My Dear Children: Tomorrow I expect to leave you, and my feelings will not allow me to say what I wish to you. I want you to forgive me for all my unkindness and harshness to you. May you never know the regret and remorse I have felt when thinking of the example I have set before you all.



my days, and what bad feelings I have caused you when you have all been such good children to me - so much better than I ever deserved to have. I could say a great deal to you, but it is past midnight, and I must go to bed and pray that all our lives may be spared until we meet again.

Sunday, November 23, 1856: My dear children: we are safe in Vermont. Had a very pleasant journey. Nothing happened to frighten or annoy us. But I was never so tired in my life as when we arrived in Albany. Thursday morning we were behind time, and had to stay there until five in the afternoon, but I was glad of it for I got rested and found Aunt Betsey and had a short visit with her and Delinda Moore. (Step-sisters) We were detained in Rutland, so we did not get to Shelburn until Friday morning at nine o'clock.

We were supposed to see Uncle C. (Chauncey Pierce, died Nov. 15th) He had passed away from earth. I suppose Anson (Pierce) will write today and tell all the particulars about his death and Avery's sickness, but as I promised to write as soon as I got here I thought I would not put it off on account of his writing. If we both happen to write the same things it will do no harm.

I am at Uncle Sandford's today. They are all well and wish me to present their respects to you. It is fine weather and the country looks very pleasant to me. If you were only here and could be as contented as I could, I think I would stay here.

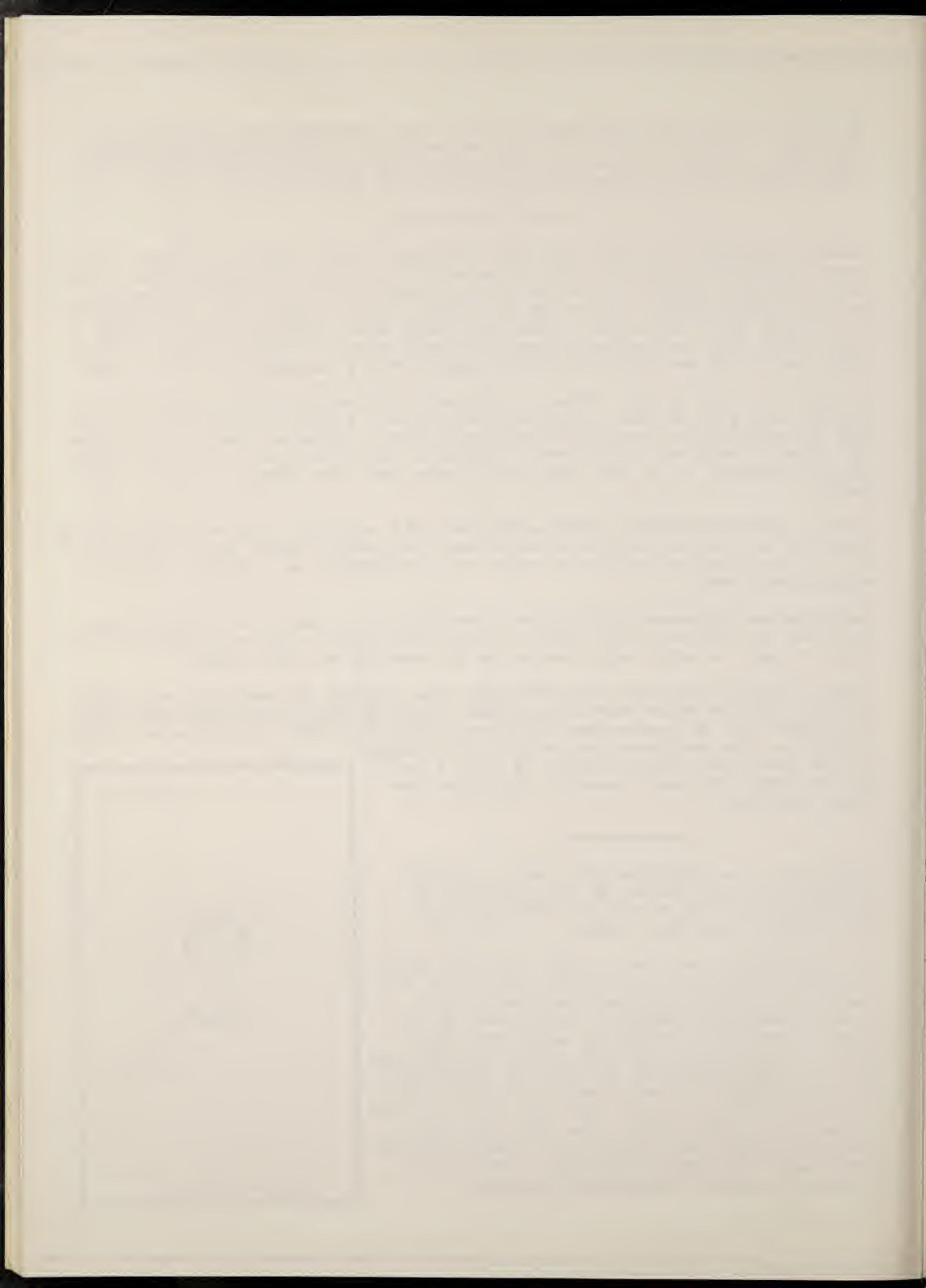
Marietta and Clarinda Hickok have gone up on the rocks east of the house and over to see the brook. She is highly delighted with everything, but she doesn't want to stay long...wants to go home and see the girls.

Alonzo has got his horse all ready to take me over to Aunt M's, so I have not got time to write more at present. Write as soon as you get this, and take good care of yourselves and everything else. Your affectionate mother,
J.P.R. ps. The business they wanted to arrange is the same that Anson thought it was. I want you to send a Chicago Journal along when you send a letter.

1857 marks the beginning of Jane's "Saturday Evening Journal, Edited by Mrs. Howley," a nearly day by day account of her life from that moment until her death.

Although not as severe as 1837, 1857 was also a year of financial depression. The newly invented telegraph assisted the process by instantaneously spreading every piece of bad news at once. In the spring Long John Wentworth became mayor with the burden of cleaning up the moral condition of the city which with the hard times had increased. In April he and thirty policemen raided the dens on the sands, a locality on the north side near the lake and destroyed five disreputable houses and four shanties, which only served to scatter the criminal element throughout the city.

Maline Howley...



There is no indication of how long Jane stayed in Vermont, probably until spring. It was on May 1st that she began to record her daily observations:

May (1) Weather very cold..no grass..cattle almost in a state of starvation. (15) Not a bud started on anything except currants and gooseberries. Weather continues cold. No grass or hay account yet. (16) Alfred got here. Weather cold yet..not a green leaf on apple or cherry trees. (20) Went to mill..chilly north wind. Levina and Alfred went to Mr. Irish's. (21) First warm day in May..grass begins to look quite green.. cattle can get their living..buds begin to swell. (25) Had a dish of lettuce. We had six warm, lovely days and the effect is almost wonderful. From bare, leafless trees we have cherry and plum in full blossom, and apple trees all budded and leaved out so they look quite green with the prospect for fruit quite flattering. Levina started for Minnesota today. (26) Rain..cleaned the milk house.

June (18) Went to Chicago on a law trial. (It would seem probable that this trial had some connection with her divorce or some settlement in regard to Mr. Emerson, as there is hardly any other legal matter at this time with which she could be concerned.) (20) Had first gooseberries. (28) Had first strawberries. (29) Peter Styne died.

July (4) Girls went to Chicago. Howard came home with them. (5) All went strawberrying in Leuboin's Woods. (11) Had first beets. (13) Had first cucumbers. Went to hear Henrietta Ferguson's funeral preached. Had an awful thundershower in the afternoon. Richard Paywood and wife stayed all night with us. (18) Went to Chicago. Horse ran away and threw us out of the buggy. (21) Had first new potatoes, beans, peas and squash. (27) Picked cherries today. (31) Went to Chicago with carpet rags.

August (9) Heard first crickets sing. (10) Had green corn. (14) Picked apples. (15) Clark and Martha went to Chicago and brought home the carpet. (17) Made carpet and put it down. Picked the last of our cherries. (23) Josephine came out here. (25) Mrs. Napier started for Terre Haute.

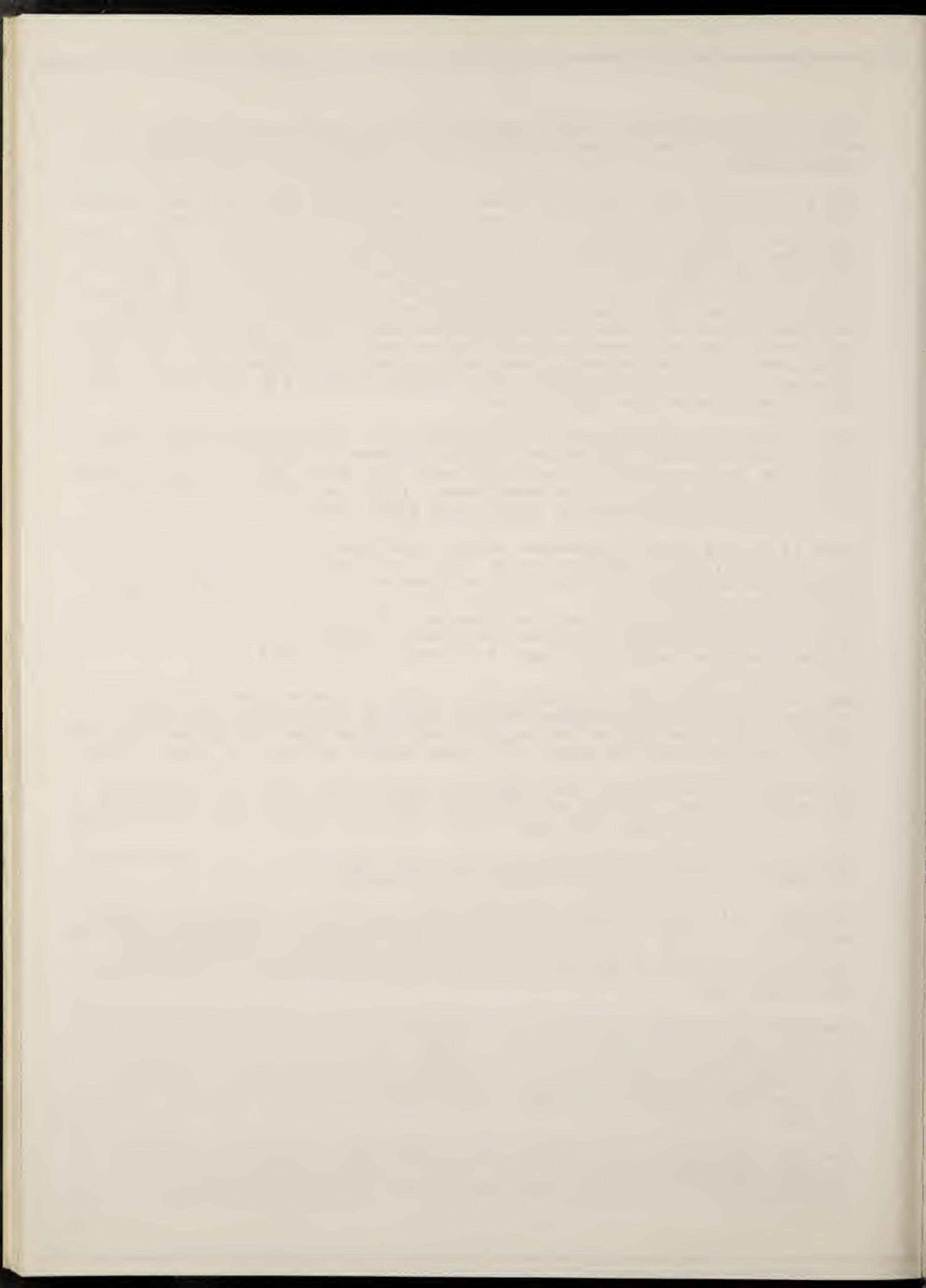
September (1) Josephine went home. (4) Cooked the first ripe tomatoes and picked plums. (9) Had a quilting. (13) Susette, the cow, went off. (30) First hard frost. All went to the woods to gather nuts...found few.

October (26) Mr. Paul and Mary came out here and stayed all night. (30) Mr. Robbins and wife came and stayed two nights.

November (4) Killed Patty (the cow). (15) Elbert came here first from Vermont. (17) Went to Chicago and stayed all night. Great snow storm and could not get home until the 23rd. Weather very cold. People sleigh riding in town. (24) School commenced. (26) Thanksgiving, a clear and beautiful day.

December (1) Clear, beautiful day. Colista Irish married. (Colista was married four times) (2) Cloudy..raw wind and cold disagreeable day. (11) Clark and Martha started for West Creek. (15) Clear, warm and pleasant day. Cooked a turkey, and had James and Delia Kelley to help eat it.

For the farm, 1857 was another year in the red. Produce bought in \$76.72; groceries, dry goods and having the carpet woven cost \$102. Clark Sandford in Vermont gave her \$100.00 to pay for her trip.



ADALINE CORALIA RONLEY



LETTER OF THE DAY.

Your Company, with Ladies, is respectfully solicited at a Ball, at Leyden Centre House, on

JANUARY 15th, 1857, AT 4 O'CLOCK, P. M.

MANAGERS.

C. GALLUP,
PHIL. BEAUBIEN,

O. COONEY,
J. SHERMAN,

R. WILLIAMS
A. IRISH.

EXCELSIOR MANAGERS.

E. L. HOPKINS,

CHAS. VASSALLO

SOCIAL PARTY

AT THE HOUSE OF FLOYD HIGGINS.

On Thursday Evening, March 11th, 1858.

YOU ARE RESPECTFULLY INVITED TO ATTEND.

MANAGERS:

E. H. ALGUR, J. E. HIGGINS.
F. HIGGINS, Supt.

Invitations to Parties attended by Martha and Adeline.....

1858. For six weeks prior to January 5, the weather was fine, fair and mild as April. Hundreds were out of employment and willing to work for fifty cents a day. Public soup houses were open. The Atlantic Hotel, being during July and August was watched with great interest, and upon receipt of the message from Queen Victoria to President Buchanan, the fire and militia companies came out, bells were rung and bonfires lighted throughout the city's British and American flags waved. In October occurred the great Lake Street fire in which many buildings and lives were lost. Late in the year began another exodus to the far west and whoops of 'Fire's Peak' or Bust. It is not recorded that Jane had any comment on the enthusiastic spirit of the gold-seekers.

January (1) went up to James Nowley's to eat New Year's dinner. In the evening, the girls went to Mr. Beaubien's to a dance. (4) Clark (who with Martha was living with them and helping with the farm) went to Chico with the first load of twisted hay. (14) Adeline went to Cazenovia to a ball. (20) went to Mr. Pennoyer's.

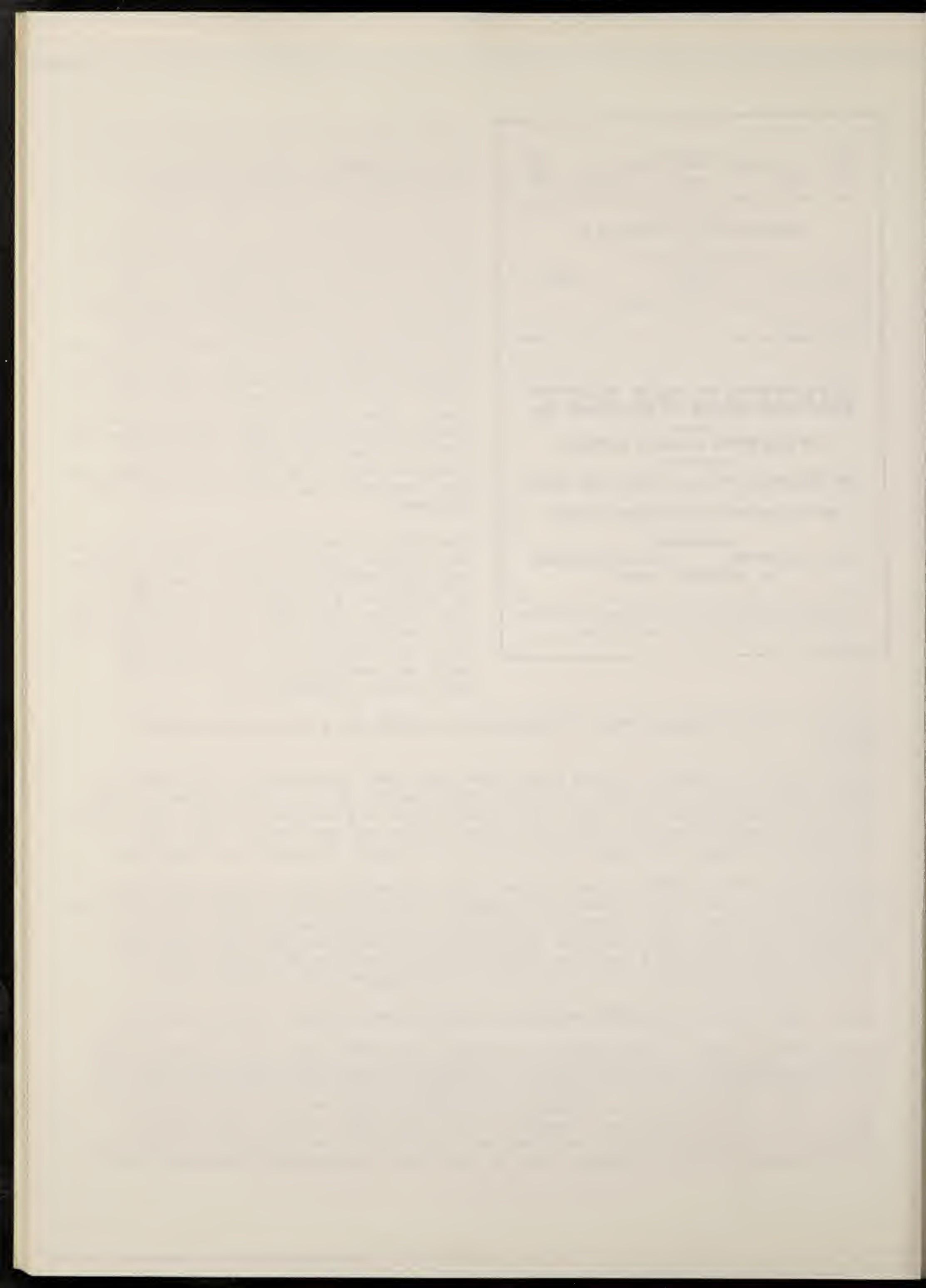
February (29) Adeline went to Dutchman's Point to a ball with Edward Alger.

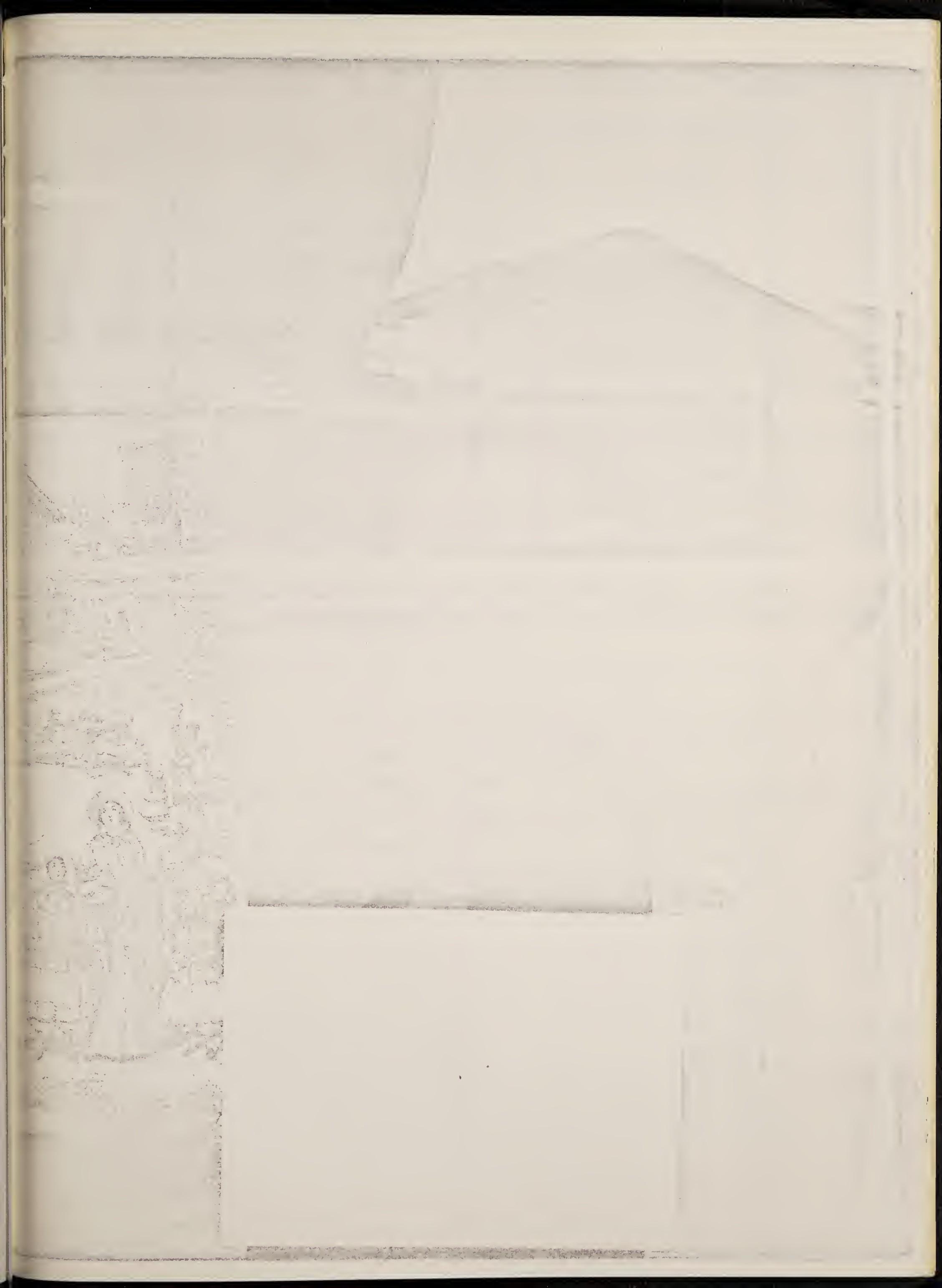
March (4) Mr. Gallup's folks came here and Alex Beaubien's. (15) Snow all gone. Very warm..some rain. Remm's folks moved out of their home and Mr. Willey's folks moved in. (18) Clear beautiful day..birds singing and prairie chickens crowing..so pleasant can hardly stay in the house. (20) Wind in the east rising..very unpleasant day. (24) Sowed lettuce and tomatoes.

April (2) Had a party at our house. (6) Planted peaches and plums. (14) Girls went to the town house to a picnic. Marietta taken sick. (15) Doctor came to see Etta. (17) Planted cucumbers and potatoes and set currant bushes. (18) Etta much better. Doctor came to see her and had teeth extracted. Adeline and I went to Harry's and stayed two nights. Heard of Helen Chapin's death. Had hard frost. (26) Papered the middle room.

April 25, 1858; from Eliza Seymour, daughter of Sally, sister of Remm.

Dear Cousin Jane. I can assure you that I received your kind letter with much pleasure. We were very happy to hear that you were all well. We had not heard anything from our friends in the West since you were here until I received your letter. I should have written long ago if I had known where to direct my letter. Cousin, I do wish that you and your little family were living near us so that we could have the pleasure of enjoying your society, and I do think that if you were comfortably situated near







OBITUARY.
Rowley.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Rowley took place at the First Congregational Church, Mississippian Avenue, on Saturday afternoon, April 14, 1877. A large number of friends attended for a formalization of her last relations, some of which were transmitted in the "Circular Letter" of the "Christian Herald," a copy of which was deposited on the table of the church. Please to send to Mrs. Rowley's widow the much-revered portrait of her deceased mother, and the rest should be given to the widow of those who died before her, to be if possible to those whose widow's right position to wear her jewel. Mrs. Ross is deeply felt by her friends, and her countenance and conduct will be greatly missed. She was always a hard-working woman, busily engaged with her husband's business until their removal to California in 1850, which brought considerable care upon her, the hardness of a pioneer life in the early settlement of Sacramento. It is a pleasure to speak words of praise of those who deserve them, and the writer has no hesitation in saying that Mrs. Rowley was a woman of exemplary character in every respect.

The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. Miss Chapin of City Church. The hymns—"How sweetly I remember" and "Near Thy Go I To Thee" were successively sung by Miss Minnie Schmid of the Park, soprano, and Miss Ferrera of the alto. A beautiful bouquet of violets was sent by the ladies of City Church, a token of their esteem, deceased having been a member of that society. She was also an active member of the Illinois Homeopathic Society for which she spent time and

services at the home of the author, who were conveyed to Forest Home cemetery and interred in the last family lot.

OBITUARY.

John C. H. Smith.

John C. H. Smith,

of 1000 Franklin Street,

and his wife, Mrs. Mary Smith,

both of whom have passed away,

and are buried in Forest Home Cemetery.

John C. H. Smith was born in

1825 in New York City,

and died on April 12, 1877,

at the age of 52 years.

He was educated at

Hartford, Conn.,

and was a student at

Harvard University,

and graduated from

the law school there.

He was admitted to the bar

in 1848.

He was a member of the

Bar Association of New

England, and of the

Massachusetts Bar.

He was a member of the

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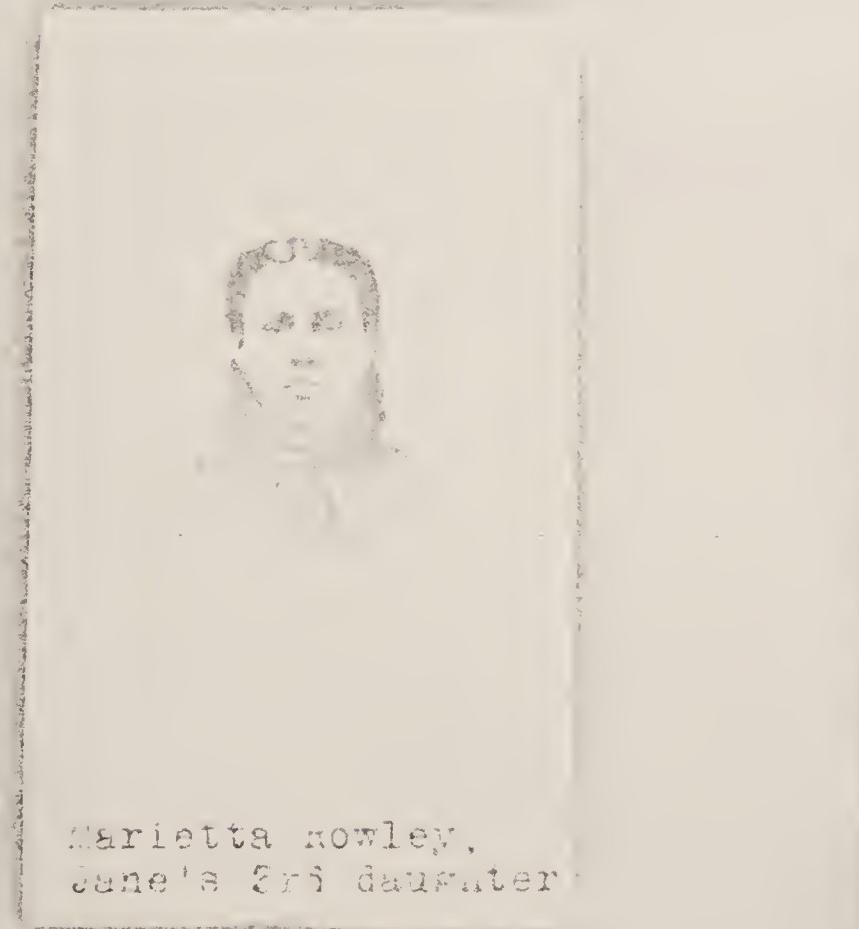




Marietta Rowley, Jane's
first daughter.....

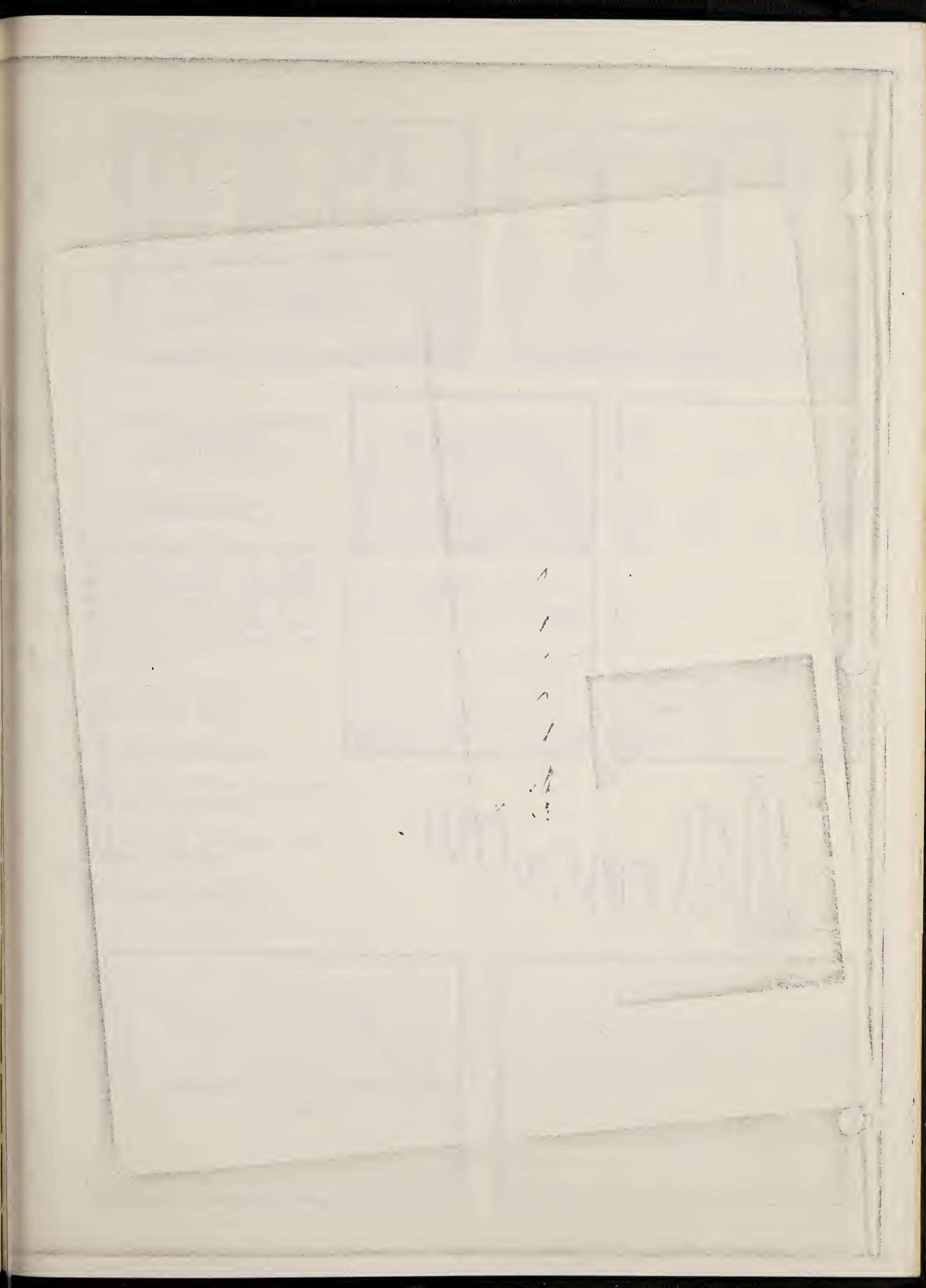


Jane Rowley - at 60

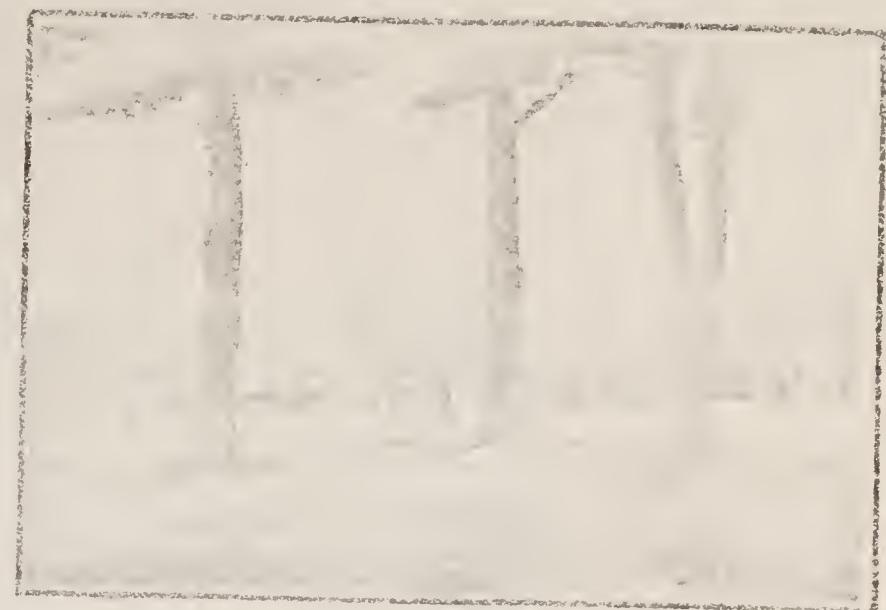
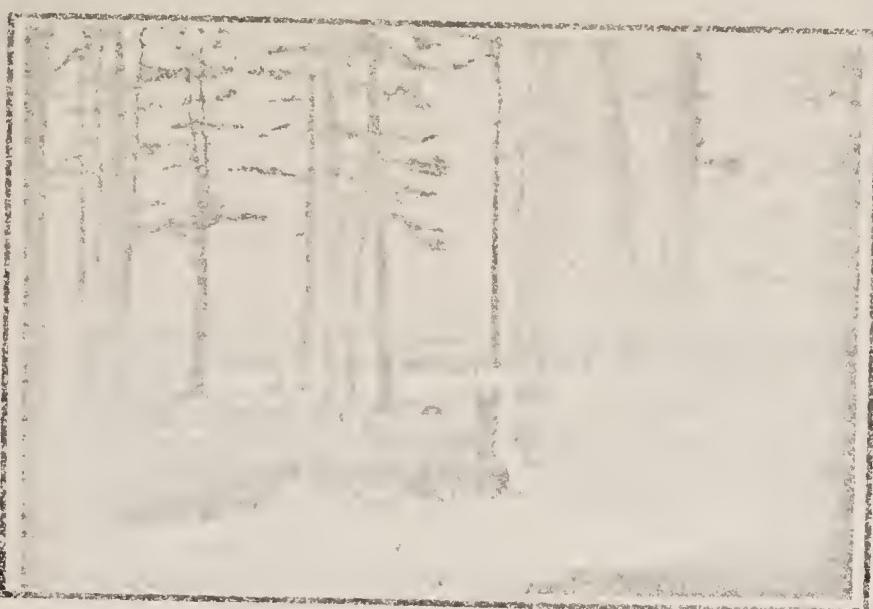


Marietta Rowley,
Jane's 2nd daughter









CONE HILL CEMETERY
RICHMOND
MASSACHUSETTS

"ROWLEY ROW"

(1) Colonel Aaron Rowley, ob. March 1, 1799
and (2) Anna, his wife
who ob. April 16, 1799
"Through a sea of infirmities she waded to her rest."

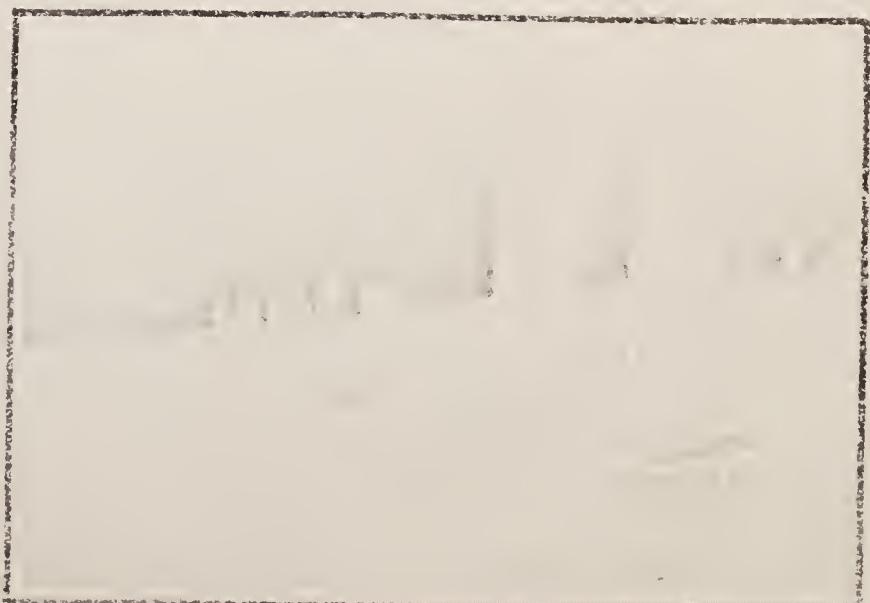
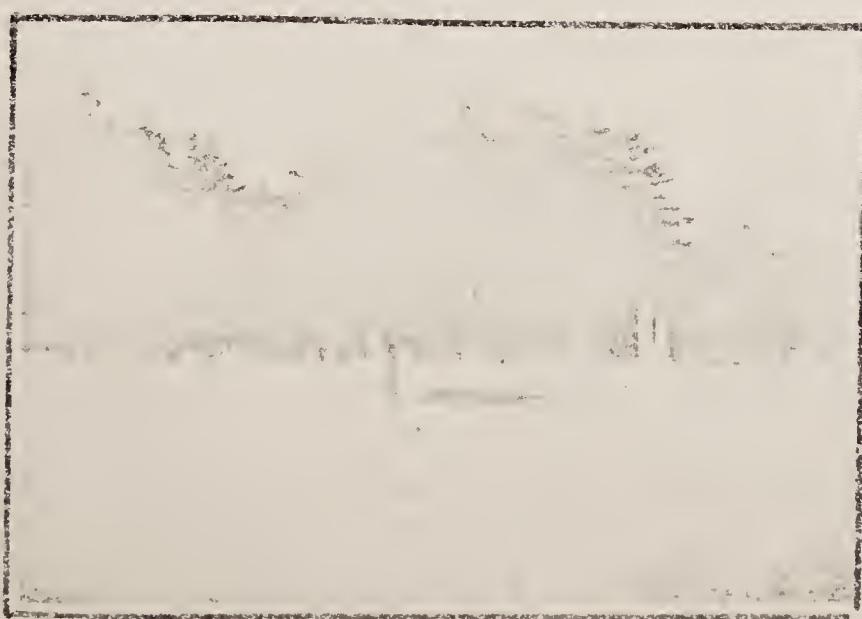
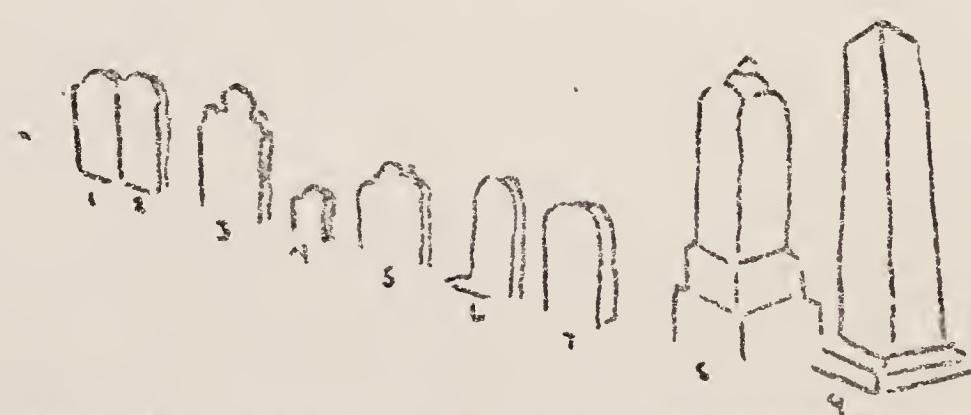
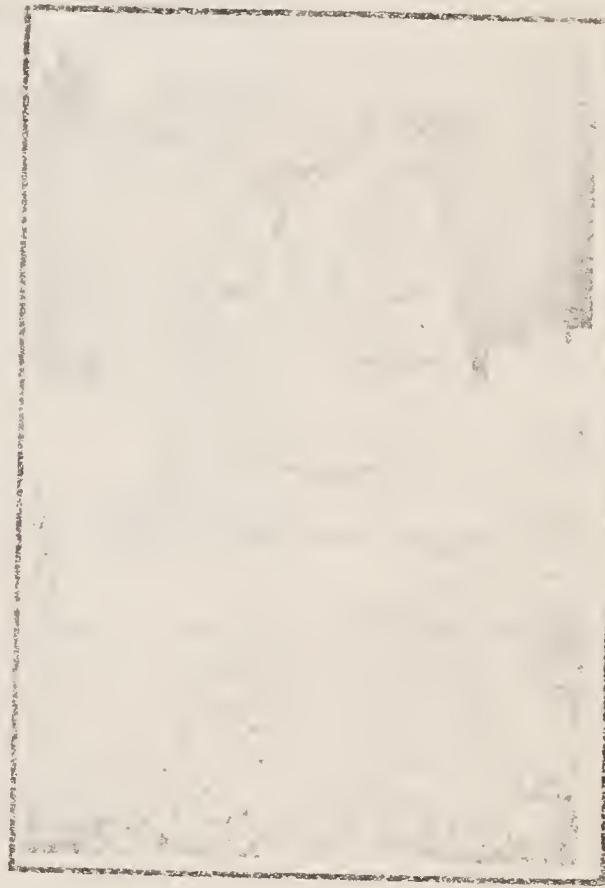
(3) Moses Rowley, ob.
1803, aged 30.

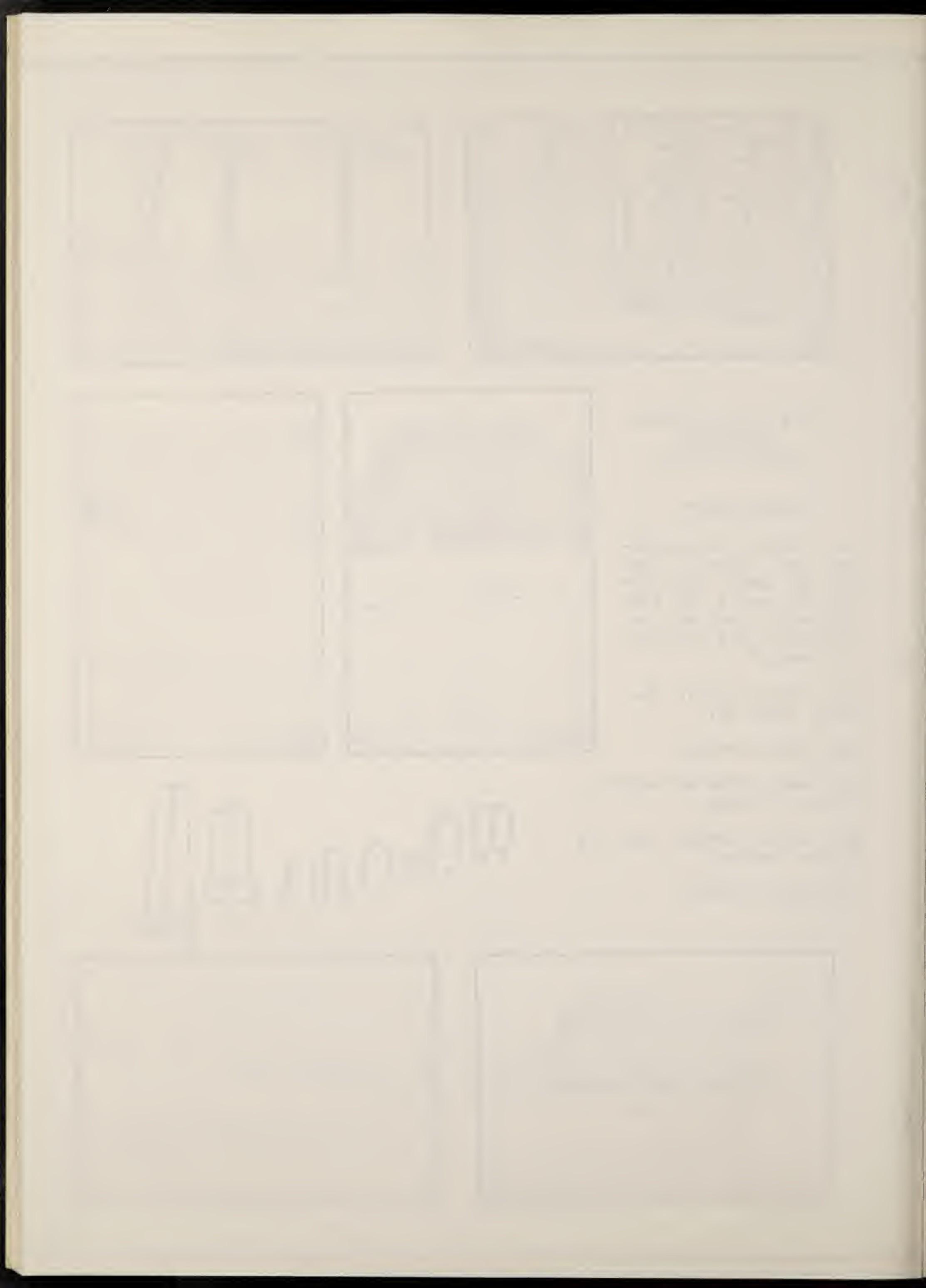
(4) Marie Rowley

(5) Anna, wife of Captain Erastus Rowley.

(6) Eunice Rowley, and (7)
Edward Rowley.

(8) Nancy Rowley





1607

Paid out

Mr. Clegg's, provisions, etc.	1.00
Labour	2.11
Hair cuts for wool	1.00
16 bushels oats, 2 bushels corn	1.00
Seedling rice extra	.50
Coated	1.50
Sterilizer, gunnies	.50
Insurance	1.00
	2.50
	140.00

In 1607 cost 160.00 for material, a few days work, lumber, bricks, flax, twine, lumber, etc.

Received

W. Clegg for board while teaching	30.00
" " " " " laundry	1.00
Two doz gloves	15.00
Coal and coke	2.00
	35.00



1867

12. 9. 1.

Wing. C. 100 ft.
M. 100 ft.
C. 100 ft.
P. 100 ft.
Lip. 100 ft.
T. 100 ft.
R. 100 ft.
A. 100 ft.
Posture. 100 ft.

1867

12. 10.

Wing. C. 100 ft.
M. 100 ft.
C. 100 ft.
P. 100 ft.
Lip. 100 ft.
T. 100 ft.
R. 100 ft.
A. 100 ft.

1867



21. 1863 - Oct. 12th.

Bill of lading for 1000
pounds of provisions

Wheat	157.00
Barley	1.00
Rye	1.00
Milk	1.00

22. Oct. 13th. - Paid by J. C. G. for 1000 lbs.
of flour, 157.00

157.00

23. Oct. 14th. - Paid by J. C. G. for 1000 lbs.
of flour, 157.00



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1880

Paid out

Stove of versimer.....	10.00
Tugay	10.00
Insurance	3.00
taxes	30.00
bry goods and groceries	155.75
for work cropping	6.75
fire ster for lumber	8.80
medicine for Marrietta	.50
attle wool money	15.25
	<u>155.25</u>
	1700.00

Produce of farm

Lent.....	60.00
hay	54.00
fruit	26.70
butter	12.00
Calves	12.00
Pasture	7.00
atta wool	14.00
for Sheep	1.00
for School	1.00
Corn	1.00
Red Cow	1.00
(exclusive of home consumption)	<u>174.70</u>

Sold Cherry to Marwood 12.00

March 18, Fanny had colt
" 18, Cherry " "
April 20, Abby " "
" 27, Della twin
May 8, Fanny had colt
" 16, Dora had colt



1806	Indicine for fits Syrup, extract of Bitters Hypericum oil Cherry, Rectified Dr. Wyeth's prescription Anemone, C.	1.00
1807	Three bottles of Pick Dr. Wyeth's prescription	1.00
1808	Beecham's Bitter " " "	1.00
	Cook's drug balsam	1.00
1809	Natural Bitters Minters Balsam Natural Bitter Dr. Wyeth's Bitter Beecham's Bitter Minters Cook's drug balsam Camphor Thickened Turnip Nutmeg Fistulas, Bedlam Uncured	1.00



1651	1 lot c. to Olson	
1660	Received 1000 lbs. Finch port	20.
1662	1 lot 100 lbs.	6.
"	1 lot 100 lbs.	5.
1664	Cream color, dried 100	16.12
1666	Half gallon, orange color 20	2.0
1668	1 lot thin white 100	1.0
1670	1 lot large, white 100	1.0
"	1 lot orange 100	1.0
"	1 lot cream	1.0
"	1 lot blue, orange, green	1.0
1672	Cream color, white 100	1.0

1 lot 100 marble chain, Nov. 10, 1971

Last purchases

We now add to our the following of items last

1 lot 100 milk sol. to Clarks

2 lot 100 each to
1 lot 100

Previous purchases

1 lot 4 Apple trees and 4 peach trees in April in Oct 1977

Poinciana lot 100, in 1976

1 lot white oak 100, in May 1976

1 lot - Miller leaves 100, 1976

1 lot 100 100 each in May 1975

1 lot 100 100 each in May 1975

4190



